Library of The Theological Seminary
PRINCETON · NEW JERSEY

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER

BV 1085 .O3 A3 1929
Ober, C. K.
Exploring a continent

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 24 1958
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

EXPLORING A CONTINENT

(Personal and Associational Reminiscences)

By C. K. OBER

Author of
"Out of the Fog"

ASSOCIATION PRESS
1 9 2 9
NEW YORK: 347 MADISON AVE.

COPYRIGHT, 1929
THE GENERAL BOARD OF
THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Printed in the United States of America
BY THE FERRIS PRINTING CO., NEW YORK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

Foreword v

CHAPTER

I. Adrift 1

II. Out of the Fog 13

III. A New Continent 25

IV. The Old Guard 35

V. The Cry of the City 47

VI. The Call of the Colleges 59

VII. Wishard 67

VIII. Mott 71

IX. Harnessing a Gusher 81

X. A Gusher Unconfined 91

XI. Strategic Retreats 99

XII. Weidensall 108

XIII. Southward Aye 117

XIV. Westward Ho 125

XV. The Uttermost Part 138

XVI. Back East 145

XVII. Again, The South 151

XVIII. I Go A Fishing 160

XIX. The Moral Equivalent 171

Appendix 180

FOREWORD

MORE than fifteen years have passed since Dr. W. T. Grenfell and others, acquainted with the facts, suggested that I write a book. The suggestion resulted in my telling the story of an adventure at sea and an experience on land, that befell me at twenty and twenty-one, and this story, entitled "Out of the Fog," closed with the following paragraph:

"The fog had passed and the drifting was over; I had come within sight of land. What land it was I did not then know, but it proved to be a new world. How great it is I do not yet fully understand, but I have been exploring it for thirty years and I think it is a continent."

And now another suggestion has come, amounting to a mandate, that I tell the story of my *explorations,* or at least such incidents, experiences, and observations as may be of interest to others engaged in enterprises similar to those in which I have been absorbed for nearly half a century and over a continental field. Hence the title, "Exploring a Continent."

This title may be taken either geographically or psychologically, and perhaps may prove as safe and appropriate a title as the text of the preacher who exhorted his congregation to "Think on These Things."

"These Things," however, would probably be more interesting if one could also read the sea yarn, "Out of the Fog", of which this later story is a sequel. It has been suggested, therefore, that I reproduce this story, which is comparatively brief, as the initial chapters of the book to which this foreword is an introduction.

These introductory chapters were written in the first person, singular, and the more recent "mandate" carried with it the suggestion of the same style in the chapters following, giving an auto-biographical, personal reminiscence flavor to the book as a whole.

What could one do, therefore, but try to tell one's story, not as one might prefer, in the disguise of a third person, but as a witness and participant, reporting what one saw and did under the circumstances to which one referred, with the occasional help of an impersonal exhibit or an observation of a disinterested observer?

C. K. OBER

Northfield, Mass.
June 1, 1929.

CHAPTER I

ADRIFT

The lure of the sea prevailed, and at nineteen I shipped for a four-months' fishing trip on the Newfoundland Banks. These banks are not the kind that slope toward some gentle stream where the weary fisherman can rest between bites, protected from the sun by the shade of an overhanging tree; they are forty to sixty fathoms beneath the surface of the Atlantic Ocean, a thousand miles out to sea from the Massachusetts coast.

The life that had long appealed to my imagination now came in with a shock and a realism that was in part a disillusionment and in part an intense satisfaction of some of my primal instincts and cravings. Old salts are more picturesque and companionable spinning yarns about the stove in a shoemaker's shop than when one is obliged to live, eat and sleep with them for four months in the crowded fo'c's'le of a fishing schooner.

"Ships that pass in the night" make interesting reading; but if they pass near you, in a foggy night, on the Banks, they are more than interesting. I recall with vividness the scene on such a night, and still feel the compelling power of the panic in the voice of the mild-mannered old sea dog on anchor watch, as he yelled down the companionway, "All hands on deck." In six seconds we were all there; and there was the great hulk of a two-thousand-ton ship looming up out of the night. She had evidently sighted our little craft just in time to change her course, and was passing us with not more than a hundred and fifty feet to spare. I can see them tonight, as they vanished into the fog—three men and a big Newfound-

land dog, looking over the rail and down on us who, a moment before, were about to die.

Storm, fog, icebergs, cold, exposure, the alert and strenuous life, with his own life the forfeit of failure, are a part of the normal experience of a deep sea fisherman. Two members of our crew, Uncle Ike Patch and his son, Frank, were out in their dory, one foggy day, and when the boats came back to the vessel from hauling their trawls, Uncle Ike and Frank were missing. We rang the bell, fired our small cannon, shouted and sent boats out after them. As night came on, we were huddled together in the fo'c's'le, wondering about their fate, while the old fishermen told stories of the fog and its fearful toll of life. It seemed a terrible thing for the old man and his boy to be out there, drifting no one knew where, and there was a gloomy crew and little sleep on our schooner that night. In the morning the weather cleared and soon our missing boat came alongside. They had found shelter on another fishing vessel not more than two or three miles away.

There was reason for our concern, for we knew that a large proportion of the men who get adrift in the fog are never found alive. Shortly before, we had spoken a Gloucester vessel that had picked up one of the boats of a Provincetown schooner four days adrift. One of the two men was dead and the other insane.

Four months is a long time to be out of sight of land, on a fresh fish and "salt hoss" diet, with molasses instead of sugar in your tea, and fresh water too much needed for drinking to waste in washing. We all swore that we would never go to sea again; and when, after gliding into harbor in the night, we looked, one clear September morning, on the seemingly unnatural green of the grass

and trees of the old North Shore, I said to myself "I, for one, will never get out of sight of it again."

But I had tasted fog and brine, and the "landlubber's" lot was too monotonously tame for me. The next spring saw me on the deck of the same schooner headed for the Newfoundland Banks, the home of the codfish and the fog.

A seafaring ancestry and a boyhood spent within sound of the surf doubtless had much to do with my love of the salt water. My mother's father was one of six brothers who were sea captains, while my father's family had clung to the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay for more than two hundred years and not a few of them had followed the sea.

My boyhood home, originally a fishing town, was fragrant with traditions of the sea. Many of the homes in which I visited had souvenirs of the ocean displayed on the mantelpiece or on the everlasting solitude of the parlor table, such as great conch shells that a boy could put to his ear and hear the surf roaring on the beaches from which they had been taken; articles made of sandalwood; curiously wrought things under glass; miniature pagodas; bowlegged idols; and a wonderful model of the good ship Dolphin, or of some other equally staunch craft, in which the breadwinner, father or son, had sailed on some eventful voyage. These had all been "brought from over sea," and this gave me the impression that "over sea" must be a very rich and interesting place.

But the souvenirs of the sea were not as interesting to me as its survivors. We had in our town, and especially in our end of it, which was called "The Cove," a choice assortment of old sea dogs who had sailed every sea, in every clime—had seen the world, in fact, and were not

averse, under the stimulus of good listeners, to telling all they knew about it and sometimes a little more.

Scattered through the Cove were many little shoemaker's shops, into which, especially in the long winter evenings, these old derelicts would drift. There, around the little cylinder stove, with its leather-chip fire, leaking a fragrance the memory of which makes me homesick as I write about it, they would swap their stories of the sea, many of which had originally been based on fact.

Many of these old derelicts were unconscious heroes who had often risked their lives for their comrades and the vessel owners; and for the support and comfort of their families no dangers or hardships had seemed too great to be undertaken or endured. We boys held them in high esteem, and never forgot to give to each his appropriate title of "Captain" or "Skipper," as the case might be. One or two, according to persistent rumor, had carried out cargoes of New England rum and brought back shiploads of "black ivory" from the West coast of Africa. Not a few of them were picturesquely profane. Some of these old salts were so thoroughly salted, being drenched with the brine of many stormy voyages, that they kept in good condition well beyond their allotted time of three score years and ten. Some were of uncertain age, but were evidently well beyond the century mark, as proved by the aggregate time consumed on their many voyages, the stories of which they had reiterated with such convincing detail.

One of these, Captain Sam Morris, was patiently stalked by the boys through a long season of yarn spinning, careful tally being kept. When the tale was complete, the boys closed in on him.

"How old are you, Captain Sam?"

"Oh, I dunno, I ain't kep' count."

"Are you seventy?"

"I swan! I dunno."

"Well, you were on the old Dove with Skipper Jimmie Stone, weren't you?"

"Sartin."

"You were on the Constitution, when she fought the Guerriere, weren't you?"

How could he deny it?

"Well, weren't you with Captain Lovett on four of his three-year trading voyages to Australia and China?"

"Course I was."

"How about those trips 'round the Horn, on the clipper ship 'Mary Jane' from '49 to '55?"

"I was thar."

They kept relentlessly on down the list, and then showed him the tally. Allowing for infancy, an abbreviated boyhood on land, and the time they had known him since he had quit the sea, he was one hundred and thirty-five years old. The showing did not disconcert him, however. He was interested, but he had told those stories so often and had come to believe each of them so implicitly that he could not doubt them in the aggregate. He simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed! I feel like a young chap o' sixty."

But while these old sailors liked to "spin yarns" and some had their frailties, they were, as a rule, strong characters, rugged, honest, courageous, unselfish—real men, in fact, whose sterling qualities stood out in strong contrast against the unreality of many timid and non-effective lives about them. It was not their romancing, but their reality, and the achieving power of their lives that appealed to me as a boy, and I was drawn to the kind of life that had helped to produce such men.

Then, too, the ocean itself, its immensity, its mystery, its moods, the danger in it, and the man's work in mastering it, was irresistibly attractive to me.

On graduating from high school I declined my father's offer to send me to college. Then he made me a very attractive business proposition, but it looked to me like slavery, and what I wanted most was freedom. I had left home for a boarding house at eighteen, and at nineteen I had slipped the moorings and was heading out to sea.

My second trip to the Banks was made in response to the same kind of impulse as that which drives the nomad out of his winter quarters in the springtime or brings the wild geese back to their summer feeding grounds. To one who really loves the ocean, the return to it after exile on the land, is an indescribable satisfaction. At least one of our crew experienced this emotion as our staunch little craft turned her nose to the blue water, and with all sail set and lee rail almost under water, leaped away from the restrictions of the shore into the practically limitless expanse of the Atlantic. In a week we were on the fishing ground and sentiment gave way to business.

Our schooner was a trawler, equipped with six dories and a crew of fifteen, including the skipper, the cook, the boy and two men for each boat. Each trawl had a thousand hooks, a strong ground line six thousand feet long, with a smaller line two and a half feet in length, with hook attached, at every fathom. These hooks were baited and the trawl was set each night. The six trawls stretched away from the vessel like the spokes from the hub of a wheel, the buoy marking the outer anchor of each trawl being over a mile away. I was captain of a dory, passing as a seasoned fisherman with my experience of the year before. My helper or "bow-man," John Hogan, was a young Irishman about my age, red-headed,

but green at the fishing business. John's mother kept a little oasis for thirsty neighbors, in a city adjacent to my home town, and his father was a man of unsteady habits. But John was a good fellow, active and willing, and, though he had not inherited a rugged constitution, he could pull a good steady stroke.

Soon after we reached the Banks, a storm swept our decks and nearly carried away our boats. As a result, the dories, particularly my own, were severely strained, leaking badly, and our fog horn was jammed. For two weeks we had no fog, but on the morning of the second of June, just as we went over the schooner's side and shaped our course for our outer buoy, a bank of fog with an edge as perpendicular as the side of a house moved down on us like a great glacier, though much more rapidly, shutting us in and everything else out from sight. It was ugly and thick, as if all the fog factories from Grand Manan to Labrador had been working overtime for two weeks and had sent us their whole output in one consignment. We had just passed our inner buoy when the fog struck us, but we kept on for the outer buoy, as was customary in foggy weather, since it was safer to get that and pull in toward the vessel, rather than take the inner buoy, pull out, and find ourselves with a boatload of fish and ugly weather over a mile from the vessel. We had our bearings, I had often found the buoy in the fog and believed that we could do it again. We kept on rowing and knew when we had rowed far enough, but we found nothing.

"Guess we have drifted too far to leeward; pull up to wind'ard a little. That's strange, we must have passed it, this blamed fog is so thick. What's that over there?" We zigzagged back and forth for some time and then realized that we had missed it and must go back to the vessel and get our inner buoy. This seemed easy, but we

found that it is as important to have a point of departure as it is to have a destination, and not knowing just where we were we could not head our boat to where the vessel was. We shouted, and listened, rowed this way and that way, but not a sound came to us through the fog, although we knew that the boy must be at his post ringing the bell, so that the boats could hark their way back to the vessel. I learned afterward that the tide that morning was exceptionally strong. I had noted its direction and made allowance for it after leaving the schooner, but we were where the Gulf Stream and the Arctic Current are not very far apart and the resulting tides are strong and changeable. We were in the grip of two great elemental and relentless forces, the impenetrable fog, cutting off all our communications, and the strong ocean current sweeping us away into the uninhabited waste of waters. From my experience of the year before, I knew what it meant to be lost in the fog, practically in mid-ocean; I understood that if the fog lasted for a week or ten days, as it sometimes did, especially at that season of the year, it was a fight for our lives. I soon realized that we were lost and that the fight was on.

We were certainly stripped for it, without impedi-ments, no anchor, fog horn, compass, provisions, water, no means of catching fish or fowl, and with rather light clothing, as we were dressed for work. But youth is optimistic and claims what is coming to it, with a margin for luck, and we started on our new voyage of discovery with good courage and a cheerful disregard of the hardships, dangers and possible death in the fog, with which and into which we were drifting.

It would not be strictly accurate to say that we saw nothing during all the time we were adrift, but the things we saw were of the same stuff that the fog was made of.

Early in the first day I saw a sail dimly outlined in the misty air. I called John's attention to it with a shout, and he saw it too, but, as we rowed toward it, the sail retreated and disappeared. We thought that this was strange, for the wind was not strong enough to take a vessel away from us faster than we could row, and we were near enough to make ourselves heard. Soon, the sail appeared again, again we shouted and rowed toward it, again it glided away from us, and again, and again, through the slow-moving hours of that first day, we chased the phantom ship.

When night came on, there came with it a deepening sense of loneliness and isolation; the chill penetrated our thin clothing, and we were compelled to row the boat to keep ourselves, not warm, but a little less cold. The icebergs coming down on the Arctic Current hold the season back, and early June on the Banks is much like April on the Massachusetts coast. We tried to sleep lying down in the bottom of the boat with our heads in a trawl tub, but we were stiff with cold, the boat leaked badly, and it was necessary to get up frequently and bail out the water. The thought also that we might drift within sight or sound of a vessel, or within sight of a trawl buoy, made us afraid to sleep. The night finally wore away, the second day and night were like the first, the third like the first and second, and the fourth day brought the same grim monotony and lack of incident, accentuating our sense of helplessness.

The fourth night we were startled by the sound of the fog horn of a sailing vessel. The wind was blowing almost a gale. We listened to get the direction, then sprang to the oars and rowed hard to intercept her, shouting, listening, rowing with all our strength, and willing, if need be, to be run down, in the chance of being seen

and rescued. The horn finally sounded so near that it seemed that we could almost see the vessel, and we felt sure that they could hear our call. But our hearts sank as the sounds grew fainter and soon we were alone again with the wind and fog.

The fifth day we heard the whistle of an ocean steamship. "We can surely head this one off," we thought, but she quickly passed us, too far away to see or hear. It was a bitter disappointment as this floating hotel, full of warmth, food, water, shelter and companionship, for the lack of each and all of which we were perishing, rushed by, so near, yet unconscious and unheeding, in too great a hurry to stop and listen to our cry for help. I have thought of this since, as I have hurried along with the crowd in the street of a great city and wondered, if we stopped to listen, what cry might come to us of the deep.

The fifth night the sea was running high. We were drifting with a trawl tub fastened to the "painter" as a drag to keep the boat headed to the wind, when it began to rain. I spread my oil jacket to catch the water, and we waited until we could collect enough for a drink, watching the drops eagerly, as we had tasted neither food nor water since leaving the vessel five days before. Just as we were about to drink, however, our boat shipped a sea, filling the oil jacket with salt water, and there was no more rain.

Every day we passed great flocks of sea fowl floating on the water, coming frequently almost within an oar's length, but always just out of reach. We were in worse condition than the Ancient Mariner, with food as well as water everywhere about us, and not a morsel or a drop to eat or drink.

The sixth day, John seemed like a man overwhelmed with the horror of a situation that had gotten beyond his

control. He cowered at the opposite end of the boat and had said nothing for a long time. Finally he opened a conversation with a person of whose presence I had not been conscious.

"Jim," he said, "come, give me a piece."

"Jim who?" I asked. "Piece of what? Where is he?"

"Jim Woodbury," he answered, "don't you see him? There he is, hiding under that oil jacket. He's been there over half an hour, eating pie, and he won't give me any."

I tried to laugh him out of his delusion, but the thing was real to him. Soon he jumped up and said: "I'm going on board; I'm tired of staying out here."

"How will you get there?" I asked.

"Walk," he answered, "the water ain't deep," and he started to get overboard.

I caught him and pulled him back into the boat, not any too soon, for if he had gone overboard, the sharks would probably have gotten him, for they were not very far away. Every now and then I had seen their fins cutting the surface of the water, as they patrolled back and forth, waiting their time, or ours, as if they knew that it was only a question of time. Soon John started again to get overboard. This time I punished him so severely that he did not try it again. After that, I had to keep my eye on him constantly. His ravings about food were not particularly soothing to my feelings, for I was rather hungry myself, and, at the time, was chewing on a piece of bull hide, cut from the top of my boot.

The seventh day drifted slowly by and the fog still held us captive. For a week we had had no food, no water, and scarcely any sleep; having our boots on continuously stopped the circulation in our feet with the same effect as

if they had been frozen; we were chilled to the bone; my boat mate was insane. Since the whistle of the steamship had died away in the distance, two days before, no sound had come to us out of the fog but the voices of the wind and the swash of the waves. I knew the chart of the Banks and had a general idea as to where we were. There is a great barren tract on the Banks where few fish are found and fishermen seldom go, and we had drifted into this man-forsaken place. I had almost said "God-forsaken," too, but something began to shape itself in my mind about that time, that makes it difficult for me now to say this.

CHAPTER II

OUT OF THE FOG

I was near "the end of my rope"—I was not frightened, or discouraged; my mind was perfectly clear; I was not stampeded. Of course, I had thought of God and of prayer, but I was a skeptic, as I supposed, and considered both not proven. But the steady contemplation of the probability of death, for seven successive days, under conditions that compelled candor, raised questions that skepticism could not answer, and gave to my questions answers that skepticism could not refute. There comes a time, under such conditions, when common sense asserts itself and sophistry fails to satisfy. Since I made this discovery in my personal experience, I have learned that my case was not peculiar, but in keeping with a general law in human experience, long understood and admirably stated in the 107th Psalm. Such words as these have come "out of the depths" and it is sometimes necessary to go down into the depths to prove them to be true.

I had drifted into "the secret place," the door was shut, and it was the right time and place for me to pray. I saw that if death came then, there was not one good thing that I had ever done that would survive. In fact, I could think of nothing in my life that was worth remembering. I was not so much concerned about "the future life" as for another chance to do an unselfish work in *this* life. And so I did what I thought then (and think still) was the only sane thing to do, I signaled for the Pilot.

That night the rain came. I spread my oil jacket and caught an abundance of water of which we drank deeply. With this refreshment came new hope and new courage

for the final struggle. I reviewed the situation and considered the possible courses we might take. We seemed to be shut in to three things, first, to row to land; but the nearest land, the Newfoundland coast, was nearly three hundred miles away, and I decided that we did not have time or strength to reach it. The second possibility was to be picked up by a passing vessel; but two had already passed us. The third and last, to find a fishing vessel at anchor, and within a reasonable distance, seemed almost probable. Possibly within ten miles, probably within twenty-five, certainly within fifty, some fishermen were plying their trade, but where? There are thirty-two points of the compass, and by deviating one point at the center, a distance of fifty miles would bring us ten miles out of the way at the circumference. We can row fifty miles, but we cannot take chances. Yet there is a snug little fishing craft out there on the rim of the circle, waiting for us to find her! But which way shall we go? I finally decided that this was a problem for the Pilot, and I left it with Him.

The eighth day came, and with it an impulse to row the boat in a certain direction. This impulse was not unlike thousands that had come to me before. There was nothing about it to indicate that its source was any higher than my own imagination. If this was a voice from above the fog, it was certainly a still, small one. It was unheeded at first. Reason said that we should conserve our strength and wait for the lifting of the fog. Fear whispered that if I obeyed the impulse we might be rowing directly away from safety. But the impulse persisted and prevailed.

"Get up, John," I said. "We are going to row off in this direction." John responded, but he was soon exhausted and lay down again. I kept on, however, rest-

ing now and then, and returning to the oars with the thought that fifty miles was a long distance and that we had a very small margin of time to our credit. Our course was with the wind, and nature worked with us all that eighth day and on into the night, as the pressure on me drove us toward our goal.

About the middle of the eighth night I realized that I had reached the limit of my fighting strength. John was in worse condition than I, for I still had hope, but my hope was not in myself. Then I talked the situation over with the Pilot. We had no one else to whom we could go; we had come as far as we could; our time was nearly up—what of the night? And what of the morning? John was asleep; the world we knew was a long way off: the sea and the mist seemed to have rolled over us and to have buried us ten thousand fathoms deep. But "out of the depths I cried," and I found the communication open.

Between midnight and dawn the fog lifted and the rain fell gently through the remainder of the night. John lay in his end of the boat, but I sat watching. Finally, as if in response to some secret signal, the darkness began its retreat and out of the gray of the morning, more and more distinct as the shadows fell away, appeared a dark object less than two miles distant. It was a solitary fishing vessel lying at anchor, toward which we had been rowing and drifting unconsciously, but unerringly, all through the night and the day before.

There it was! only a clumsy old fisherman, but it was the best thing in all the world to us, and it was anchored and could not get away! I do not recall the experience of any tumultuous emotion as this messenger of hope appeared on our horizon, but we knew that we were *safe*. How easy it is to write this simple word but, to

realize it, one must have a background of despair. Since that morning the word has always come to me freighted with reality.

I had thought that my strength was entirely exhausted, but the sight of the vessel called out a reserve sufficient for the final effort. As I slowly brought our boat alongside, some of the crew were in evidence, getting ready for their day's work, and they seemed perplexed to account for our early morning call. But, when we came close to the vessel, our emaciated appearance evidently told the main outlines of our story. They called to the others in a foreign tongue and the whole crew crowded to the rail. One strong fellow jumped into our boat and lifted John up while others reached down to help. Then, with their assistance, I tumbled on board, stiff with cold and with feet like stone. They gave us brandy and took us to the warm cabin where breakfast was being prepared, and it is difficult to say which was more grateful, the smell of food or the warmth of the fire. John was put into a sailor's bunk. It was a good exchange, for he was not far from "Davy Jones' locker." We had been on board only a few hours when the fog rolled back again and continued for some days as impenetrable as for the eight days through which we had passed.

The vessel was a French fishing brig, the Marie Eugenie, from the island of St. Malo in the English Channel. None of the crew understood English and neither of us could speak French, but they knew the language of distress and kindness needs no interpreter. The captain showed me a calendar, pointed to the tenth of June, and when I pointed to the second, evidently found it hard to believe me, but John's condition corroborated my statement. They let us eat as much as we wished, but nature protected us, for the process of eating was so pain-

ful at first that I felt like a sword swallower who had partaken too freely of his favorite dish.

Fortunately, also, our hosts were living the simple life. Their menu consisted chiefly of sliced bread over which had been poured the broth of fish cooked in water and light wine, the same fish cooked in oil as a second course, bread and hardtack, and an occasional dish of beans, which seemed to be regarded by them as a luxury. They had an abundance of beer and light wine, and in the morning before going to haul their trawls, coffee was served with brandy. Cooking was done on a brick platform, or fireplace, in the cabin, and captain, mate and all hands sat around one large dish on the cabin floor and each helped himself with his own spoon. A loaf of bread was passed around, each cutting a slice with his own sheath knife. But notwithstanding simple food, frugal meals and primitive conditions, the hospitality was genuine, and against the background of our recent hunger, thirst and general wretchedness, the place was heaven and our hosts were angels in thin disguise.

In about ten days we were brought into St. Pierre, the French fishing town on the small rocky island of Miquelon, off the Newfoundland coast, the depot of the French fishing fleet. The American consul took us in charge, sending us to a sailors' boarding house and giving each of us a complete change of clothing, a change most acceptable to us, as our own was over-populated. In another week we were sent on by steamer to Halifax, consigned to the American consul at that port. There John's feet proved to be in such bad condition that it was necessary to send him to the hospital, and, as gangrene had set in, a portion of each foot was amputated. He was "queer" for several weeks, but, with returning health,

gradually recovered his mental equilibrium. After a few days I was sent on by steamer to Boston.

On reaching my home town I did not go to a boarding house; there was plenty of room for me in the home and I was contended to stay there for a while. The old salts received me as a long-lost brother, and while the official notice was never handed me, I was made to feel that somewhere in their inner consciousness I had been elected a regular member of the Ancient Order of Sea Dogs, and was entitled to an inside seat, if I could find one, about the stove of any shoemaker's shop in the Cove. The Banks were revisited in memory, and all the old fog experiences brought out, amplified and elongated as far as possible, but it was conceded that we had established a new record in the nautical traditions of the Cove. It took several years for me to inch my way back to physical solvency, and this delayed the carrying out of my plans, to which my fishing trips had been a prelude.

The strange thing that I now have to record is that I soon forgot or ignored my experience of God and became apparently more skeptical and indifferent than before.

But while I forgot, I was not forgotten. God had begun a work in me, the continuation and completion of which waited on my willingness to cooperate, and the most powerful force in the world, that of believing and persistent prayer, was being released in my behalf. My mother, notwithstanding my lack of sympathy with her in the things most fundamental, had confidence that the tide would turn with me. Her confidence, however, was not based on me. She knew the Lord and understood that it was not the sheep that went out after the Shepherd who was lost until it found Him. So she kept a well-worn path to the place of prayer.

She was wise and said little to me on the subject, but I knew her life and what it was for which she was most deeply solicitous. She had taught me from the Bible as a boy, and many a cold winter night, though weary with a day filled with household cares, she had come to my room and "tucked me in" with prayer.

My attitude toward Christianity in the winter following was different from that of the year before. Then I had been a skeptic, as I assumed, and declined responsibility for what to me was unknown and seemed to be unknowable. But, in the meantime, something had happened that had lifted this whole question with me from the realm of speculation to that of experience. The Pilot's response to my signal might, for the time, be ignored, but it could not be forgotten.

But, by deliberately putting aside my convictions, treating them as if they had no existence in fact, I had introduced an element of distrust of my own mental processes, and the result was confusion. I was in the fog.

I had been in the habit of spending many of my Sundays with my uncle Dave, as he was a non-church goer, companionable, genuine and open-hearted as the day. One Sunday evening I drifted into the chapel and was astonished to see Dave there and to hear him tell of his recent conversion. It was evident that he had found something that he wanted to share with his friends, and while I made light of it at the time, his testimony made a a profound impression on me. But I laughed it off and kept on in my own way. For six weeks I steered clear of Dave, but I did not want to lose his friendship, and then, too, I was rather curious to find out what, if anything, he had really discovered. So, one Sunday morning in early April, I drifted down to his home, as I had done so many times before.

"It's too bad," I thought, "that Dave has got religion, it spoils all our good times;" but I was hoping to find him less strenuous on the subject than when I had heard him in the chapel six weeks before. But Dave's conversion was so genuine and his enthusiasm so real that it was impossible for me entirely to resist and beat back the impact of his testimony.

I concealed my impressions, however, and told him that no doubt he needed it, it was probably a good thing for him, I wouldn't say a word to discourage him, but as for me, I did not need that kind of medicine. He urged me to go to church with him, but I declined his invitation so positively that he did not renew it. "I'll walk along with you as far as the house," I said, but when we came to the point of parting an impulse came to me. "Walk slow, Dave," I said, "I'll go in and get my coat and go to church with you." We were both surprised; he, because he had given up all hope of my going with him, and I, because ten seconds before I had no thought of going.

I went with Dave to church that morning and went again to the evening service, after which I remained for personal conversation. The man who talked with me had been practicing the Christian life for twenty-five years and was a man of fine personality and business experience. He knew the Gospel—also human nature, and mine in particular—while I knew that he was genuine.

"Charlie," he said, "don't you think it is time for you to be a Christian?"

"No," I replied, "I can't be a hypocrite; I can't pretend what I don't believe."

"What is there that you can't believe?"

"Well, there is the Bible, for instance."

"Don't you believe the Bible?"

"About as I believe Robinson Crusoe."

"Do you think the trouble is with the Bible, or with yourself? Don't you think that, if you had faith, as a Christian, the Bible would be a different book to you?"

"That looks easy. If I had faith I would be just where you are. But how can a man believe what he doesn't believe?"

"Did you ever hear about prayer?"

"Yes, I have heard something about it."

"Don't you think that there is something in it?"

"Yes, I am inclined to think there is." (I could not honestly deny it in the light of my experience.)

"Well, don't you think that if you were to pray to God for faith, God would give it to you?"

This question touched the spring of memory and conscience, and my answer was, "Yes."

And then came the question, "Won't you do it?" This question precipitated the fight of my life. I do not remember how long my friend waited for my answer, but judging from the struggle in my mind, it must have been a long time. What would it mean for me to answer this question in the affirmative? First, it would mean the sacrifice of my independence; next, it would mean fellowship with a lot of so-called "Christians," whose Christianity, in my opinion, was not of a manly type; third, it would mean a step in the dark, and this seemed to me to be unreasonable. On the other hand, it might mean the winning of something better than what I called independence; it might also mean fellowship with the really heroic characters of Christianity, and these had always appeared attractive to me. With this last thought came the question, "How did these men live that kind of a life?" and it was clear to me that they lived it by faith. Then came the thought, "How did they begin

to have faith?" and it seemed to me that this step in the dark, which I hesitated to take, was probably the very step by which these great men had passed from a life of unbelief to faith.

This last thought came as a revelation. It had always seemed to me that faith was an experience of the emotions or a satisfying of the intellect, and that one might obtain faith by the initiative of the will was a new idea to me. If this was true, the step in the dark was not unreasonable. I was certainly in the dark. It could be no darker if I went forward. I decided therefore to take the step and to pray for faith, hoping that in the process I should find a Christian experience. And so I answered, "Yes, I'll do it."

My friend prayed with me and then I prayed, but all that I could say was "Lord, show me the way." I was not conscious of any special interest, but I had won the fight with myself to the extent of getting the consent of my will to pray. Yet I realized that the battle was only begun. I knew also that I had another fight ahead of me, or a series of them, with the conditions that hemmed me in and seemed to make the Christian life impracticable.

One of these adverse conditions was my relations with the men in my boarding house. How could I go back and tell them that I had decided to do the thing that I had ridiculed and scoffed at in their presence? I decided, however, immediately to put myself on record; as, if the break had to come it had better come then. The next day I burned my bridges behind me by packing my trunk and going home.

Up to this time I was conscious of nothing unusual. I had received the testimony of at least four witnesses of the fact of conversion and the reality of the Christian

life; I had taken advice from experience; I had prayed; I had turned my face toward the Christian life; I had cut loose from conditions unfriendly to Christian experience, and I was trying to be a Christian. But I was still in the fog.

For four days I worked very hard trying to be a Christian. I prayed, did everything I was advised to do, and as much more as I could think of. The burden of my prayer was that I might have faith. I wanted to get something that I thought every Christian had, or must have in order to be a Christian, and so far as I knew, I was willing to pay the price. But nothing resulted, except the natural weariness from my own exertions. I was still in the fog.

The experience was new, but it contained nothing but what I thought could be accounted for by purely natural causes. Was it possible that my skepticism had been well founded, that there was nothing in the so-called "Christian experience" after all? It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth day since I had set my face toward the Christian life and I was still in the fog.

But I was weary with the effort, and as I thought it over, I said to myself, "What are you trying to do?" and the answer was, "I am trying to be a Christian." Then it dawned upon me that trying was not trusting; that, if I succeeded in my effort, I would have only a self-made product and not a vital religion; that it was unreasonable for me to expect the results of faith before exercising faith itself. I was stumbling at the very simplicity of faith. I was working to win what God was waiting to give. I thought of my experience on the ocean, when finally, helpless to help myself, I had left my whole problem with the Pilot and He had taken com-

mand and brought us through to safety. So I said to myself, "It is right for me to serve God and to live for Him, and I will do it whether I have what they call an 'experience' or not"; and, having settled the question, I dismissed it.

And then something happened, for, from without, surprising me with its presence, like the discovery of a welcome but unexpected guest, there came into my life a deep, great, overflowing peace. I had never known it before, and therefore I could not by any possibility have imagined it; but I recognized it as something from God. It was not sensational, it came quietly; as quietly "as the daylight comes when the night is done." It was not emotional, unless it was in itself an emotion. But emotions are transient and this had come to stay.

With the peace, there came also something that seemed to be a reinforcement of my life principle, an achieving power, a disposition to dare and an ability to do that which hitherto had seemed impossible; and the pessimism of the past gave way before this new consciousness.

With this deep incoming tide of peace and power came a clearing of the mental atmosphere, and I saw that the fog had lifted. When I saw this, I said to myself quietly, "I think I am a Christian," and almost immediately added, "I *am* a Christian!"

The fog had passed, and the drifting was over; I had come within sight of land. What land it was I did not then know, but it proved to be a new world. How great it is I do not yet fully understand, but I have been exploring it for thirty years and I think it is a continent.

CHAPTER III

A NEW CONTINENT

In the closing paragraph of "Out of the Fog" I had come within sight of land; I had landed, and had advanced into the interior of what proved to be a continent.

The church of my fathers happened to be the church of "the pilgrim fathers" and in about a month I was initiated into its membership. They may have had a creed, preserved in their archives as a landmark, or record of a former experience, but I have no recollection of having seen it, or of having been asked to subscribe to it. I think we all felt that the phenomena and program of Christianity were more interesting than its philosophy, at least to a young convert. We certainly had a full program and, to me, it was one of fascinating interest.

Among the results of the religious movement with which I became identified was my younger brother, Frank; also a number of older young men who had been leaders in the unchristian or anti-christian kind of life with which I had been associated. We saw the gospel working out its beneficent mission. It was the laboratory method of the acid test, and it worked. The philosophy of Christianity came later but it had to harmonize with its phenomena.

About a year after my conversion the three men best qualified to have an opinion in the matter, united in advising me to study for the Christian ministry. These men were the pastor of the church, the superintendent of the Sunday school, in which I was leader of a men's Bible class, and my old high school principal, who, shortly after, followed the advice that he offered me by entering the ministry himself.

The idea had never occurred to me before and I told them that I did not feel "called to preach," but would be glad to give my life to any form of service within the program of the Gospel, for which I might be qualified. I was not conscious of special platform ability, and sympathized with the fellow who is said to have said, "That man may have been called to preach, but I was never called to hear him." They replied that I would probably realize my call by the time I was ready for my work and would then probably find an opportunity to do the work for which I was best adapted and prepared. I thought that this was playing safe on their part but good counsel on the whole, and so I entered Williams College for a special course of one year in philosophy, preparatory to a three years' course in a theological seminary, practically "sailing under sealed orders."

About the middle of that first year I decided that I wanted to be a foreign missionary and because I understood that the Mission Board of the Church would send to the foreign field only men who were equipped with a full college training, I decided that if possible I would, at the end of the first year of special study, enter the Freshman class and take the other three years.

At first it did not seem possible for me to do this, as I had barely enough funds in hand to carry me through that first year. But one day I overheard a senior tell how he had served as janitor of a classroom, or floor of a college building, and in this way earned his room rent and had waited on table at a student boarding club for his board; not quite as thrifty as the fellow who is alleged to have worked all night and saved his lodging and slept all day and saved his board, but it was a testimony to obstacles overcome.

The knowledge of this student's experience raised my hopes, but I found, on inquiry, that there was a waiting list of about three men to one job and the outlook for me was not encouraging. In those days, however, we not only had compulsory chapel but we had it morning and evening, and the stream of students emerging from evening chapel divided, North and South, to their respective boarding places. One afternoon I wrote a letter and after chapel instead of going South to my boarding club, went North for half a block with the other crowd to mail my letter at the post office. It was only about a minute and a half, but the fellow next to me in the crowd said: "Smith, who has been waiting on table at our fraternity boarding club, is leaving us tonight. How would you like the place? I replied that I would like it and was told to apply immediately, which I did, and secured the position. With the item of board provided, I thought I could see my way clear, and so I decided to return to college and take the other three years.

The first term of my second year I became manager of a boarding club of twenty-one students, a step higher than a waiter, but the stipend and emolument were the same. The second term of that second year I joined forces with another boarding club manager and made application to the College trustees for the free use of the College Boarding House with equipment, on condition that we would provide a satisfactory grade of board for those who wanted it, at $2.50 per week, instead of $3.50, the lowest rate then offered by the party who then had the use of the building. Our bid was accepted by the trustees and we fulfilled our part of the contract and also provided three other grades of board at $3.00, $3.50 and $5.00 per week. We bought our beef "on the hoof," the $5.00 men got the tenderloin and the $2.50

men got the tendon-loin, under various names of steak, roast beef, hash, meat-pie, and beef-a-la-mode. The building would accommodate about 125 table boarders and we generally ran at capacity.

Running the boarding house was not my college major, however. I had to keep up with my class work and find time for other things including the executive work of my college fraternity and helping to conduct a mission Sunday School, four miles out in the country, on Sunday afternoons. These extra-curricular activities discovered and developed in me a latent and largely unsuspected capacity for executive and promotive work, at the expense of coveted achievement in scholarship and in literary and oratorical proficiency. I deprecated this, but it seemed to be the price I had to pay for a full college course and for an open door toward the foreign mission field.

In the first month of my last year in college I was invited to prepare a paper on "Advantages of Association Work in Colleges", to be read at the coming Young Men's Christian Association State Convention in October.

I declined the invitation without a moment's hesitation on the ground that I was too busy to take the time either to prepare the paper or to attend the Convention. The state secretary, Mr. Sayford, then renewed the invitation which I again declined, then he wrote asking me, if I could not take the appointment, to name a suitable man who would. I named the president of our College Association. Mr. Sayford then wrote me again, urging me to reconsider, but, if I found it impossible to do what he requested, to wire him the name of the man who would do it. I wired him the name of the other fellow, but when I received the Convention printed matter I found my name down for the topic on the Convention program.

Then I was provoked, or as near provoked as a Christian has scriptural authority for becoming under provocation. But, when I had cooled off, I said to myself, "Why should I refuse to render this service? Perhaps I may have some ideas on the subject that would be helpful to Association leaders in other colleges; perhaps I am not as busy as I think I am. I think I know what the state secretary wants. He would like to have me advocate the methods of the general association as applicable to the colleges. I will take the appointment, but I will state the case as I see it from the inside, whether he likes it or not. This thing has persisted in a strange sort of way; I may as well investigate."

I attended the Convention, read my paper and was deeply impressed by what I saw and felt. I saw some great Christians, some big ideas and some weak points in the general Association work, but I sensed the spirit of a mighty movement, with practically unbounded possibilities.

The state secretary was not displeased with my paper, in fact, he was rather enthusiastic about it and the paper also attracted the attention of Mr. Richard C. Morse, general secretary of the International Committee, in attendance at the Convention, who, on his return to New York reported me, without my knowledge or consent, as a possible candidate for the Association secretaryship. I think the part of my paper that most interested Mr. Morse was the argument in its closing section, as follows:

"Every college association should be connected with the general body of the Young Men's Christian Association,—

"First, because they belong there. Their interests are identical, and, though there may be a difference in the methods of work, yet the one great common end is the salvation of young men.

"Then, college students have a tendency to become theoretical rather than practical. Becoming engrossed in their studies, they

often lose their enthusiasm in Christian work, and, therefore, they need to come into close sympathy and working relations with such a practical, wide-awake, dead-in-earnest body of men as the Young Men's Christian Association.

"Again, college life is so different from that of the outside world; we are so much a little world to ourselves; we have given so much of our time to history, abstract sciences and the dead languages; we have inherited so many college traditions and customs of the middle ages; that the average college student knows very little about, and sympathizes still less with, the ways of the great world outside the college walls.

"Now, the sphere of our activity after we leave college will be in the world of facts, rather than in theories; of the present and not of the past; and the Christian worker will not reach men so much through their intellects as through their sympathies and their common sense, by a knowledge of human nature and of actual human experience. Therefore, I claim that the connection of the college organization with the general body of the Young Men's Christian Association, if it is a union not merely of name, but of interest, will bring the Christian men in college into closer sympathy with the outside world; will teach them that the gospel is not merely a theory of ethics, but the Bread of Life; and, by giving them, while in college, a clearer view of the needs of the world, will tend to modify their ideas about their own life-work. In other words, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association is growing on its hands; it is doing a work that cannot be done from the pulpit, and it calls for the services of educated men. And how can the claims of this work be better presented to college men, than by the existence in college of a branch of the Association itself?

"Lastly, a working relation between the college and the Young Men's Christian Association, will tend to promote the missionary spirit among college men. By the missionary spirit, I mean the willingness to go anywhere and to suffer anything for Christ's sake. And this spirit is developed as fully in this work of the Young Men's Christian Association as on the 'Dark Continent.'

"Let us, then, push forward Association work among college men. These are the men who will influence, not only this nation but the world. Let us win them for Christ, then call their attention to the whitening grain, and invite them to the harvest!"

Mr. Morse's report of his impressions of me and my paper at the Massachusetts State Convention attracted the attention of two Association secretaries, each of whom was looking for an assistant and also of Mr. Watkins, a secretary of the International Committee, one of whose duties was to follow up prospects for the Association secretaryship. In January, 1882, our College Association had a visit from L. D. Wishard, student secretary of the International Committee, who thought that I might be the man he was looking for to become his associate in the student work. Mr. Wishard did not then reveal to me the thought that was uppermost in his mind. In fact, the calling of an associate to Mr. Wishard was at that time unauthorized by the International Committee, but he opened a window on what to me was a most alluring prospect.

Two months later, in March, 1882, I received a letter from Mr. Watkins, asking me if I would be willing to consider the Association secretaryship as a life work. I replied that I had other plans for my life work, that I knew very little about the general Association work except what I had seen in attendance at one Association Convention and had read in a few reports of similar Conventions, and that, therefore, I did not think I was justified in taking more of his time or mine to consider it. Another letter from Mr. Watkins said "We can talk this matter over better than we can write about it and so, if you will come to New York for that purpose, we will be glad to pay your expenses." I reached New York by sleeper on Saturday morning, where I was met not by Mr. Watkins, but by Mr. McBurney, general secretary of the New York City Association, who was looking for an assistant and was willing to spend considerable time from his busy program in "sizing up" this

prospect and in giving me an insight into the nature and scope of the city association work as conducted under his leadership in and from the old Twenty-third Street Association building.

I was much impressed with what I saw on Saturday and Sunday, and was persuaded to remain over Monday in order that Mr. McBurney, Mr. Watkins and Mr. Morse might talk the matter over with me. The conference with them led to a definite proposition from Mr. McBurney that I come to Twenty-third Street as his assistant for one year, leaving open the question of my decision on the Association secretaryship as a life work. I came, I saw, it conquered. I saw the city Young Men's Christian Association, its field, opportunity, program and achievement, as they can only be seen by one who participates in its work. I also saw the Association secretaryship incarnated in Robert R. McBurney, who shared with me his vision and his method. Then I knew that a new thing had arisen within the general scheme of the Christian ministry that called for the consecration of talents ordinarily relegated to business, engineering and statecraft. I accepted Mr. McBurney's invitation for one year, but reserved my final decision until I could think the matter over in all of its implications and apart from the direct influence of the Association environment. The opportunity for this was afforded by my return to college for the spring term of my last year which was still lacking as a condition of graduation. If I decided for the Association secretaryship, I must decide against the regular ministry and probably against the work of a foreign missionary, both of which seemed to have a prior claim to my life work.

About the middle of this last term in college, I sought an interview with Ex-President Mark Hopkins to whom

I stated my problem. After listening to me and asking a few general questions, Dr. Hopkins said, "How old are you?" "Nearly twenty-seven," I replied, explaining regarding my four years between high school and college, and the year I had just spent in the Association work. "I suppose you have some idea as to your strong points, haven't you?" "Possibly I have." "Well," he said, "it is always safe to follow your strong points." "How are you in languages?" "Not very good," I said. "Well, you know that you can work in English, don't you?" "Yes," I answered, "this opening in the Association work, after a year's experience, seems to indicate that." "In regard to the nature of the Association work as contrasted with preaching, which seems to be the major function of the ministry, I am not sure that the one is more important than the other; about all we can do is to get people to believe the message of the Bible, and you may be able to do this as well in the Association work as in the regular ministry. I am not familiar with the methods of the Association work in the cities, but I spoke at one of their Conventions (the Association International Convention in Washington in 1871), and I was deeply impressed with the spirit I found there. I think it is a great work. I cannot advise you one way or the other; however, you will have to reach your decision through prayer and in view of what seems to you to be an open door for you."

As Dr. Hopkins said, he had not advised me, but he had said enough to clear the atmosphere and help me to reach a decision to cast in my lot with the Young Men's Christian Association, which I did, and continued in that work for forty years without discovering that I was not in the Christian ministry.

The Apostle Paul wrote to the Ephesians "For the work of the ministry, he gave some to be apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors, and teachers," and, if Paul had lived until the middle of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he would probably have added "and some *secretaries*."

CHAPTER IV

THE OLD GUARD

The Young Men's Christian Association, as I saw it in my first year of investigation and experience, impressed me as "a big idea." But I met some Association personalities who seemed to me to be bigger than the Association idea and I was not sure whether the idea had produced the men or the men had evolved the idea. The argument, however, was about as strong one way as the other.

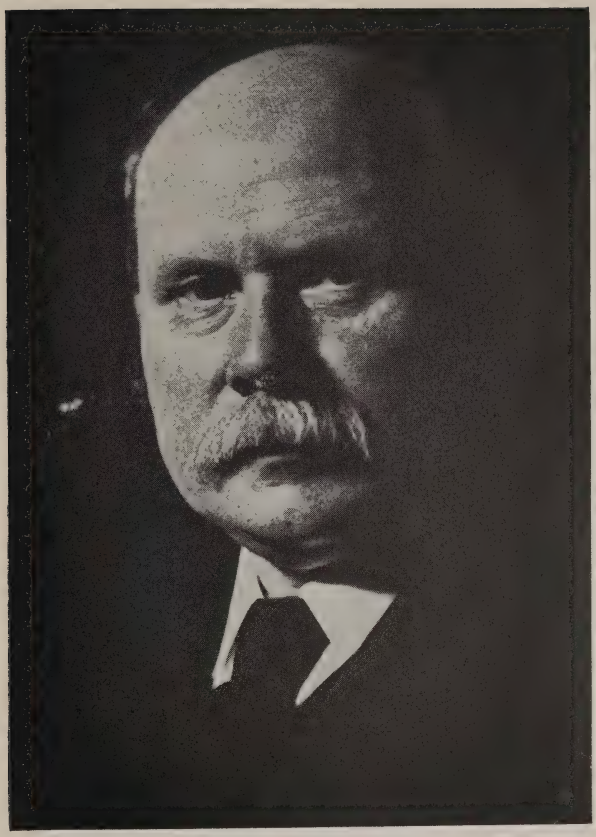
The local secretaries whom I met at my first Association Convention rather disappointed me. Most of them seemed smaller than the thing they were trying to put across. They seemed to be merely custodians or caretakers, of an idea that was waiting for its executive. Later, when I met McBurney in New York, I realized that the executive had arrived. The business men, the Association laymen, impressed me much more strongly. Henry M. Moore, Russell Sturgis, F. O. Winslow, Geo. H. Shaw, and R. K. Remington of Massachusetts; Cephas Brainerd, Wm. E. Dodge and Henry Webster of New York, were all very able men and manifested as I had never seen it before, the spirit of Christian brotherhood, undiluted by self consciousness or sectarian bias. It was something of which I had dreamed but that I had never expected to see incarnated in hard-headed, success-compelling men of affairs.

It was a great experience for me as an investigator of the movement and counted heavily toward my final decision to make the Association secretaryship my life work.

Mr. D. L. Moody, regarded Henry M. Moore as "the greatest laymen in New England." If the definition of a good layman is a man "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," "H. M.," as we called him, certainly filled the bill. In conversation he was a prince of good fellows, in action on the platform he was a flame of fire, not wild-fire, but fire under control and charging everything he said with luminous and convincing power.

My six months as assistant with McBurney in New York gave me a rare opportunity to know the man who more than any other had built the New York City Association, erected the first model Association building and created the city Association secretaryship. The secret of McBurney's greatness was in his simplicity, though he was a truly great man. He had something of the massiveness of a Daniel Webster, the pioneering spirit of a Daniel Boone, an appreciation of the evangel that reminded one of Dwight L. Moody, and a love for young men like that of David and Jonathan. I recall a committee meeting in McBurney's office, during the early part of which he seemed to be busy with other matters on his desk. "Don't mind me, go right ahead with your meeting," he said, and the chairman and the other committeemen got busy finding all sorts of reasons for the comparative feebleness and futility of their efforts. Finally, McBurney stopped them and, with tears falling down his cheeks, said, "Men, you know that these are not the real reasons. The real trouble is that *we don't care.*" And then we seemed to discover that we *did* care, confessed and talked the thing over with the Lord and got a new grip on the work in hand.

Speaking about David and Jonathan, with McBurney acting the part of either, Richard C. Morse was the other member of the fraternity. When I first met them,



Robert R. McBurney
General Secretary, New York City Association

in 1882, they had been chums for fifteen years. Both were bachelors and both were pioneers in the Association movement, but in different fields, McBurney in the city and Morse in the International area or zone of pioneering, both of which were "twilight zones" in the period to which I have referred. They "shared each others sorrows and each others joys." McBurney, next to Cephas Brainerd, the chairman, was the ablest and most active member of the International Committee and both Morse and Brainerd were active leaders and workers in the New York City Association.

A delicate Association situation existed in Canada, which McBurney, rather than Morse, was called upon to medicate. Morse went with him to the train and I went along to carry McBurney's grip and buy the tickets, and saw them kiss each other good bye. Up to that time I had not traveled in Europe and had never seen two men kiss each other, and yet it did not jar me; but it opened a window through which I saw a perfectly natural expression of a wonderful friendship.

Mr. Morse was a comparatively young man of forty, when I first met him, capable, resourceful, alert, friendly, with a rare gift of diplomacy, a wise counselor, and, according to his own confession, "an incurable optimist."

He was premier secretary of the International Committee and also its chancellor of the exchequer, keeping what he called "the golden thread of finance" in sight, until the books of the Committee were balanced at the end of each financial year. From the time that Mr. Morse assumed responsibility for its finances, in 1875, to his retirement, in 1915, the International Committee never had a deficit.

Mr. Morse saw more deeply and more comprehendingly than most men and though he did not always "ask to see

the distant scene," he impressed me as a man who never lost his way and, while generally non-committal, could, in an emergency, point the way to men who were in danger of losing theirs. When a man's best interests, or the interests of his work were at stake, Mr. Morse realized his responsibility as a custodian of the truth, threw his diplomacy to the winds and counselled him "straight from the shoulder."

I experienced this rare and luminous counsel from Mr. Morse, when in the middle of my first Association year I was called from the New York City work to the position of assistant in the state work of Massachusetts, and can never forget, or cease to be grateful for, the clearness of his analysis, the fairness of his appraisals and the courage and prophetic outreach of his conclusions and advice.

The year I entered the Association work the International Committee had a staff of nine secretaries, of whom Morse was chief, and with him were associated Erskine Uhl, head of the office, Robert Weidensall, T. K. Cree and E. W. Watkins for general work in the field; E. D. Ingersoll for work with railroad men, L. D. Wishard for college students, Henry E. Brown for work with colored young men, and Claus Olandt for work with German-speaking young men.

It was a great team. Harper's Magazine in its issue of January, 1882, published a very discerning, almost prophetic, article made up chiefly of a description of these men and the character and significance of their work. Weidensall and Wishard I mention farther on, but several of the others also challenge our attention.

Ingersoll was a man of striking personality, remarkable salesmanship ability and eloquent in public and private appeal. He lacked the shrinking self-deprecatory

Secretaries of the International Committee in early Eighteen-Eighties.
Left to right, standing, Wishard, Olandt, Cree.
Seated, (upper) Ingersoll, Uhl, Morse, Weidensall.
(lower) Bowne of Secretarial Bureau, Brown, work for Colored Young Men.

disposition that would have interfered with his usefulness in his interviews with big railroad magnates. Although a college man with a brilliant record for scholarship, his style of address to railroad men and public audiences was vivid, colloquial and in their vernacular. They had no difficulty in understanding what he meant. In conversation he was an annihilator of gloom and a disseminator of information—in other words, "he was a jolly good fellow."

He was also of a confiding disposition—I have even known him to take an audience of a thousand people into his confidence. Ingersoll was a good psychologist, however, and it is safe to assume that when he said "Let me tell you this confidentially," he confidently hoped that there were some in the audience who would betray his confidence.

While Ingersoll's outstanding service to the Association movement was the pioneering of the Association work for railroad men, this task, great as it was, did not exhaust his initiative. He also pioneered Association work for men in industry and he discovered Hunton, the first colored secretary of the International Committee for Association work with colored men.

Watkins entered the International work in 1880, primarily for work with commercial travelers. Before the close of his first year he had shown such good judgment in "sizing up men" that he was requested by the Committee to add to his duties a program of recruiting men for the Association secretaryship and, at the end of a year of this work, reported that he had "personally looked up and conversed with 57 young men, of whom 19 have entered the Association work and 24 have not been encouraged to pursue the matter further."

Watkins, as I have already stated, was the man who first suggested to me the Association secretaryship as my possible life work and, not discouraged by my declination to consider the matter, wrote me a second letter that brought me to New York for a two days' contact with the New York City Association and a conference with McBurney, Morse and himself, resulting in my accepting McBurney's invitation to give a trial year to the Association work, that was extended to a "life service" of forty years. Watkins also, in a period of two years, between 1881 and 1883, recruited at least four other men for a "life work" in the Association secretaryship, L. W. Messer, Cecil L. Gates, Charles S. Ward and Frank W. Ober. Four of these five men were for the greater part of their service secretaries of the International Committee and the fifth was for thirty-five years general secretary of the Chicago Association. These five men gave, in the aggregate, more than two hundred years of service to the Association Movement; two years invested, two hundred years secured; a pretty good investment!

Erskine Uhl, the quiet "man behind the gun," of old Dutch Knickerbocker stock (his aunt's name was Knickerbocker), a college and theological graduate, was general secretary of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Association in 1873-1874. He came to the International Committee's staff as Mr. Morse's private secretary and greatly increased Morse's efficiency and achieving power.

As the International work and staff grew, Erskine grew naturally into the position of chief office secretary of the Committee. He was like Elisha who "poured water on the hands of Elijah," only this particular duty was not included in his agenda. If it had been, he would have done it cheerfully, for he believed in agendas and believed that if they had been agreed upon they ought to

be lived up to. He cared nothing for publicity but loved his work and his associates in the work and we loved him in return. I doubt if there was ever a better loved man on the International Committee staff, for he reminded us of One who said, "I am among you as one that serveth."

Erskine lacked the gift of oratory and would probably have made a prosy preacher, like the one of whom it was said, "He was not much of an orator, but was a rare composer." Like the Apostle Peter, however, who said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," Erskine Uhl had the sense and the modesty rightly to appraise his talent and to place himself at the left hand of men who had what he lacked and lacked what he had, and these men who single handed could "chase a thousand," thus multiplied, were able to "put ten thousand to flight."

Thomas K. Cree was the first chairman of the Pennsylvania Association State Committee, first general secretary of the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Association, first secretary of the U. S. Indian Commission, a successful business man, retiring with a modest competence at thirty-three to give his life to Christian work. He became a member of the secretarial staff of the International Committee in 1876, six years before I first met him, in 1882. Mr. Cree had previously declined the invitation of Mr. John Wanamaker to come into his business in Philadelphia at its initial stage. Had he accepted this invitation he would probably have become a very wealthy man, but he never regretted his decision.

Cree had the handicap of a frail physique, but his brain, nerve, and heart functioned one hundred per cent. He reminded me of the man of whom it was said, "He weighed just one hundred pounds but ninety-nine of that

was backbone." The quality of Mr. Cree's service in salvaging and standardizing the Association work in great cities, including San Francisco, Philadelphia and Paris, has probably never been surpassed in Association experience.

He had a perennial and persistent gift of humor that made him always cheerful and a dispenser of good cheer. Mr. Cree's renunciation of a great business career for a seemingly precarious position, in what to men of the world must at that time have seemed to be a problematical movement, impressed me as of the same kind as that of another great character of a former generation in "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

Mr. Cree's humor expressed itself not only in private conversation but sometimes in "the great congregation." He and Mr. George Hall, then the general secretary of the Washington, D. C., Association, conducted in the early days of the Association Movement a remarkable Association tour through the South. Mr. Cree was presiding over a large and interested audience, and, by prearrangement with Mr. Hall, called on him for a short talk, in which Mr. Hall, as he had never been in the place before and had no expectation of being there again, told a story that to Mr. Cree had quite a familiar sound.

As he resumed the leadership of the meeting, Cree remarked, "I have heard Mr. Hall tell that story a great many times but he has told it better tonight than I ever heard him tell it before."

It is hardly fair to pass by George A. Hall with merely a casual allusion, for he was one of the great characters in the early Association Movement. When I first met him, he was state secretary of New York and he impressed me as an animated steam engine, either

going at full speed on some errand of love, or waiting on the siding with steam up ready to go at a moment's notice. He was intense even in his moments of alleged leisure.

Mr. Hall's steam-power, however, was not used chiefly in producing motion in himself, but in overcoming inertia in others. He touched the lives of young men and boys in a dynamic way and lifted meetings and conventions heaven-ward. I think of George Hall when I read the twelfth of Romans and the thirteenth of First Corinthians, not that I recall any scholarly exposition that he ever made of those chapters, but there was something about his life that suggested their aroma.

And yet, Mr. Hall was not "other-worldly"; on the contrary, he was very companionable and remarkably attractive to young men, with whom he was constantly forming new friendships and strengthening old ones. He was an itinerant, not an intermittent, evangelist; that is, wherever he went, and he was generally going somewhere, he was effectively recommending the evangel.

In the delegation of the Twenty-third Street New York Association to the Association International Convention in Philadelphia in 1865 was a young New York lawyer, Cephas Brainerd, who was elected president of the Convention and, in the capacity of retiring president, made a speech at the opening of the International Convention at Albany in 1866, in which he sounded the "key note" of the Association as "a work by young men for young men," and participated in the organization of the International Committee, of which committee he was elected chairman and continued in that position for twenty-five years.

Mr. Brainerd was also a director in the New York Association for fifty years, was a successful lawyer and

a public spirited citizen, and found time to serve as superintendent of a mission Sunday School in lower New York for many years.

Mr. Brainerd was little known by face or voice outside of New York City, but was well known throughout North America as the writer of weighty and illuminating letters on Association principles, policy and problems. He made his home within six blocks of the International Committee's office and gave practically all of his evenings to the Association work, accessible not only to Mr. Morse but to all secretaries of the International Committee, giving ungrudgingly of his valuable time frequently up to midnight. We went to him perplexed, we came away confident; we went as individuals, we came out as ambassadors. If the outcome was achievement, he rejoiced with us; if it was glory he did not share it. He was the pilot, supreme and indispensable for the moment, but ready to be dropped when the ship swung clear of reef and shoal and headed for the open sea.

I cannot close this chapter without referring to another Association layman who made a deep impression on my life and also strongly commended the Association to me as a life work

Henry Webster, to me, as a student of the Association work in the old Twenty-third Street Association, New York, in 1882, typified the ideal Association layman, whom it is the Association secretary's function, and opportunity, to discover, develop, lead and coordinate with other similar laymen, in the taking of the young men of a city for God.

Henry Webster was graduated from Princeton in 1876, where he knew Luther Wishard and where he cooperated with Wishard, Cleveland H. Dodge and

others in the religious movement that identified Princeton with the Young Men's Christian Association and inaugurated the intercollegiate Association work.

When I first met him, in 1882, he was employed in a down-town office in New York and was giving most of his time, as a volunteer-worker, to the work of the Twenty-third Street Association, as chairman of the Boys' Work Committee, though this was only a small part of his Association work. He was in the Association building nearly every week-day morning before going to business, most of the week-day evenings and every Sunday afternoon and early evening, always alert, helpful, responsive and always forming friendly contacts with young men needing a friend, as a wise, persistent and successful personal worker.

Frequently, when an emergency would arise, or there was a big thing to be put across, Henry Webster was the logical man to handle it, and he always responded; duty to him was opportunity; it was what he was there for. The next year, 1883, he became a member of the Association International Committee and was made chairman of its College Committee. In this capacity I later came to know him most intimately, when I was a college secretary of the International Committee in 1885-1890. He died at thirty-seven, but he had already accomplished a life work.

I have sketched only a few of the outstanding personalities who were making the Association Movement when it first appeared above my horizon. They were of "the old guard" and back of them, "rank behind rank," were others, men of faith and action, who stood the shock of the early Association campaigns, and filled the rank and file, including myself, with an unquenchable enthusiasm.

They reminded me of "one Great Heart" in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"The Interpreter then called for a man servant of his, one Great Heart, and bade him take sword and helmet and shield. 'Take these,' said he, 'and conduct them to the house called Beautiful.' So he took his weapons and went before them and the Interpreter said, 'God speed.' Now I saw in my dream that they went on, and Great Heart before them."

CHAPTER V

THE CRY OF THE CITY

"This floating hotel rushed by, so near, yet unconscious and unheeding, in too great a hurry to stop and listen to our cry for help. I have thought of this since, as I have hurried along with the crowd in the street of a great city and wondered, if we stopped to listen, what cry might come to us out of the deep."—*Out of the Fog.*

My six months with McBurney in New York City not only discovered to me the true city Young Men's Christian Association but the reason for it, and this cry of the city rang in my ears as I went to Massachusetts, where I found some good Association work, but not a few cities where the Association was a comparative failure or had passed out of existence. While the State Committee and the state secretary had been "busy here and there" in their splendid work of general evangelism, the Associations in these cities "were gone" and the cry of the cities, to answer which they had been called into existence, was practically unheeded.

But the State Committee were now hearing the cry and had brought me into the field to attend to it. This was what they meant when, in the division of the work, they said, "Let Ober take the Associations." I fitted into the general program, studied the situation in the existing Associations and the unorganized cities and when a closed door began to open I was ready to enter it. Sometimes it was necessary to put my foot in the crack of the door to hold it open.

This was my experience in Lawrence, where I found an Association whose only visible activity was a mission

Sunday school in the outskirts of the city which was conducted by the president of the Association. I met the directors and outlined the plan for an Association work for young men, with an employed secretary and the raising in advance of a fund to make this work possible. The directors declined. I then asked the privilege of presenting this plan to a meeting of the members of the Association. This meeting was largely attended and endorsed my plan. Then the three leading members of the Board withdrew their support because they could not concur in or approve the proposed undertaking. I then found several men as influential as these men, who hitherto had not concurred in or approved of the Association, but who agreed to help launch the real Association work. I then got all the good men together, old and new, and the outcome was a new deal, with a new constitution, to be approved by the State Committee, and the right of way to undertake what we had originally proposed. Then we went out and got the money. The man who was most obstinate in opposing me became president of the new Association and the next year I went back and helped them raise the money for a building. Some years later the president, who still retained that position, wrote me asking if I would become their general secretary.

One of the new men interested, who probably was most influential in bringing about a change of heart on the part of the directors, was the Reverend William Lawrence, later Bishop of Massachusetts, and worthy successor of Phillips Brooks, who made a generous personal subscription. He voluntarily gave me a letter to use with others who had not hitherto been interested in the Association. This was something which he told me he had not done before even for regular church objects,

"but," he said, "I give this to you because I think you will need it."

Here is the letter:

Lawrence, Mass.
February 12, 1883.

My dear sir:

There is not, to my knowledge, any public room or place in this city where a young man can pass the evening in a pleasant social way apart from a bar room. The Public Library does good work but then, of course, conversation is forbidden. The boarding house parlors are not inviting to the average young man, he goes on the street and, as you know, the liquor shop is the only attractive place.

It is to offset this temptation and fill this place that the Young Men's Christian Association is formed. As that Association has been conducted the past few years I have not believed in the work and have taken no interest in it. As it is now organized I do believe in it and I feel that, apart from any religious work it may do, as a social institution, a resort for young men, a place to send a young man who has just come to the city, it will do a work that our city needs very much. By the new organization, it will, I think, be well managed, not liable to run to extremes and its funds well used.

You may or may not be interested in the matter. I have, however, given Mr. Ober (who is empowered to take the names of subscribers) this letter of introduction to you with a few others, to give you the opportunity to know of the work and you will then do as you please.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Wm. Lawrence.

The date of this letter is three months after I began my work in Massachusetts. I had already organized a new Association in Southbridge, with a young bank cashier as executive secretary and with a fine bunch of young men and business men back of him. Then came four cities where the opening for an Association was made by successful evangelistic campaigns conducted by

Mr. Sayford. I found the tide coming in and I came in with the tide. These cities were Middleboro, Amesbury, Cambridge and Springfield. I secured R. M. Armstrong on the staff of The Boston Traveller as general secretary at Springfield, where he did a splendid work and afterwards became state secretary of the Association work in Massachusetts.

As general secretary for Cambridge I secured L. Wilbur Messer, who was then in his first Association field in Peoria, Illinois. A new Association was also formed in Stoneham and another in Everett. For the Stoneham Association I secured E. T. Bates as general secretary, who afterward became the general secretary of the Holyoke, Massachusetts, Association and later state secretary of the Connecticut Associations.

In Cambridge, we started out to raise a fund of $5,000 for the current work of the new Association and the directors voted not to call a secretary until the entire amount had been pledged. This was before the days of the short term financial campaign; the subscriptions had to be hand picked, the pickers were few and the canvass, as I recall, dragged on for fully two months. When the amount secured reached $1,500, however, I became soliticious and wrote Messer a personal letter, telling him that the action of the Board prevented my writing him officially, but that I wanted him to know the situation and that the call was sure to come to him as soon as the fund had been completed. I also gave him my reasons for believing that Cambridge would offer him an ideal field for the work he wanted to do.

Mr. Messer was leaving Peoria on account of Mrs. Messer's poor health and they were very anxious to get back East in order that she might be near her people. They had made the matter a subject of earnest prayer,

and Messer had promised the Lord that he would accept the call to the first Eastern Association field that came to him. My letter reached him first and he regarded it as a direct answer to prayer. A day or two later a call came to him from an important Eastern city, New Haven, I think, but it seemed to him that the pillar of cloud was moving in the direction of Cambridge and he was content to wait a reasonable time for the official call to reach him.

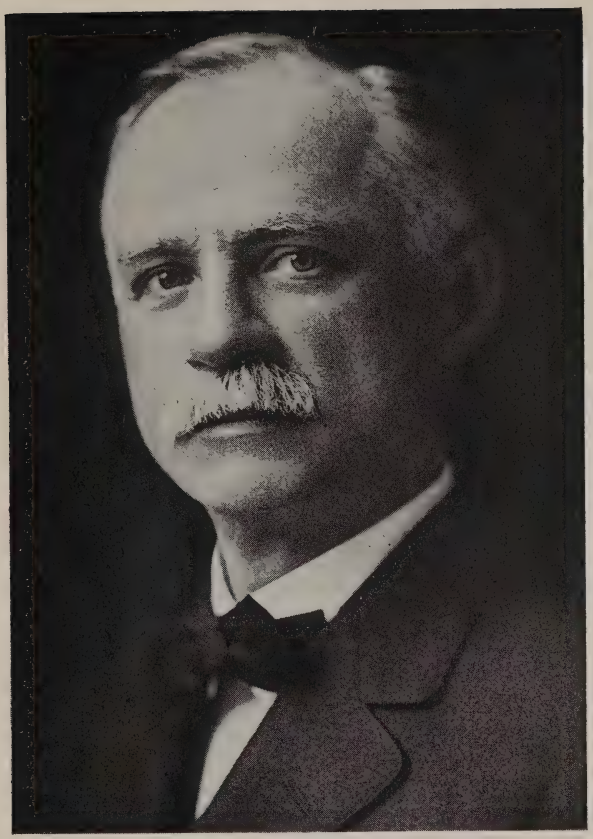
Mr. Messer's work in Cambridge proved to be all that we had expected of him and prepared him for his greater and more extended work in Chicago. I have thought that my solicitude prompting me to write him in advance of the official call of the Cambridge board was what we call "a providential leading."

This was not a solitary instance, however, but was supplemented, in the experience of Mr. Messer and myself, by another leading which, it seems to me, was equally providential. I made my home in Cambridge at that time and Mrs. Ober and I boarded in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Messer for about two years. Messer did not have a strong physique and threw himself into his work with such devotion that he seemed to me to be endangering his health. One day I said to him, "Messer, I am sorry to see you so pessimistic about your work." "What do you mean?" he said, "I am not pessimistic about it." "Oh!" I answered, "I thought you were." "What made you think so?" "Nothing that you have said", I replied, "but the way you act tells me that you think the work you will have to do tomorrow will not be as important as the work you have to do today." Messer took my warning seriously, began to take better care of himself, and my solicitude for him gradually disappeared.

After I had left the Massachusetts state work for the work of the International Committee, I happened to be

in Chicago at the time the Chicago Association was looking for a general secretary, and was invited to a conference with the Committee having this matter in hand. This committee was composed of three young college men who were then remaking the Chicago Association, Cyrus H. McCormick, James L. Houghteling and John V. Farwell, Jr. They said, "We like this young man Messer pretty well, but he seems to us to be too frail to stand the strain of the strenuous program that would be expected of him in Chicago. Morse says that you know him well, what would you think of him for this position?" I said, "I think that he would stand up under it all right. I lived with him for two years in Cambridge and watched him in his work. It is true that he does look rather frail, but I happen to know that he has learned the lesson of the conservation of his strength and that he always holds some of it in reserve for the next thing that may be bigger than the thing he is up against today." I was told afterward that my positive testimony turned the scale and so Messer went to Chicago, where for thirty-five years he built the same kind of Association work that McBurney built in New York, and became McBurney's successor as the dean, or recognized leader, of the city Association secretaries of North America.

Returning in our story to the cities of Massachusetts and the period 1882-1884, I spent a Sunday with Mr. Sayford in the small city of Middleboro where he was conducting evangelistic meetings. After the Sunday night meeting and the inquiry work was over, a member of the State Committee, Mr. F. O. Winslow, called to a group of Christian young men, "come here and meet a man who will show you how to organize an Association so that it won't die." I, of course, had no infallible rule



L. Wilbur Messer

General Secretary, Successively of Peoria, Cambridge, and Chicago Associations

to give them, but I helped them raise money for an Association work with an employed secretary and after their first secretary had used up his ammunition, consisting chiefly of fervor and a limited number of Bible readings, I found them another, A. H. Whitford, then under twenty years of age, and an older boy leader in the Woburn, Mass., Association.

I had talked with Whitford about the Association secretaryship and also about the possibility of an opening for him in Middleboro. One day I received word from Mr. Geo. H. Shaw, the key man in Middleboro and a member of the State Committee, telling me that their secretary had left and asking me to send them a man to conduct their next Sunday meeting. I, therefore, wired Whitford to "go to Middleboro, see Shaw, go primed." Mr. Whitford went, saw Shaw and received a call to the secretaryship of the Middleboro Association. Whitford had in him the stuff of which Association secretaries are made and became one of our most efficient secretaries, being now and for over thirty years, the general secretary of the Buffalo Association. He still cherishes my telegram as an evidence of his call to the secretaryship but the real evidence lies all along the pathway of his forty-four years of highly efficient, devoted and most productive service with young men.

Whitford, however, did not strike twelve in the secretaryship immediately. Like his predecessor in Middleboro, he used up his ammunition in a year or so and took another field. His success in his second field was not satisfactory to himself, however much it may have been to others, and he said to himself, "I believe I could do this work if I could only get the right start." The start he felt the need of was an apprenticeship (fellowship) under Messer in the Cambridge Association and so he offered

himself to Messer for an assistant's position at one-half of the salary he was receiving. When Messer got through with him he found himself in a different class and quickly secured a position as general secretary of an important city Association at about double his former salary, and from that time on he kept ahead of the game. He, too, had heard the cry of the city and had seen the vision of the conquering type of city Association that had arisen in answer to that cry.

What Messer did to Whitford was not accidental, but was what he had hoped to do as a part of his work in Cambridge for a considerable number of young men of promise; to train them for the Association secretaryship. In fact, the training school suggestion was one of two considerations that I presented to Messer in my original letter to him, for the working out of which the proposed new Association work in Cambridge, under his leadership, would, in my judgment, afford exceptional opportunity. The following extract from a letter of Mr. Richard C. Morse to me shows that by December, 1883, the training school idea had progressed in Messer's mind and mine beyond the suggestion stage.

The International Committee of
Young Men's Christian Associations,
Cor, 23rd St. and 4th Ave.,
New York.

24 Dec. '83.

Dear Ober:

Your letter fills me with gratitude in view of the progress—good and true—reported. I read between the lines of it how distinctly and definitely the Lord has called you to the Massachusetts work.

The training school proposed for Cambridge we will do all in our power to promote. A complete set of Reports may be difficult to find. Mr. Moses W. Pond of Boston, one of the staunch and true Association men in that city years ago, had a set complete up to 1878 or 9, when I last met him. Whether he is living now I am not certain. You can easily find out by inquiry. He had it in mind to donate this set where it would do the most good. It includes all the ante bellum reports. We could not command a set so complete. I would go for it if I were you.

Let Messer make out a list of what you both want and we will do all we can to procure the collection for you.

Ever your friend,

(Signed) Richard C. Morse.

The other suggestion in my letter to Messer was that of the opportunity of building up in Cambridge, unhampered by local precedent, the type of city Association work for the development of which in the Massachusetts field I had come to the state work.

The Boston Association was doing a good work but was still somewhat entangled in its glorious traditions, and its general secretary, Mr. M. R. Deming, a Christian gentleman of good ability and fine personality, "had his doubts" about this "New York idea" of Association work, feeling that while the other work might be more Associational, the general evangelistic emphasis and the city missionary program of the Boston Association were a little more Christian.

The influence of the Boston Association and its general secretary was therefore negative and to an extent reactionary from our point of view, and so, in my letter, I said to Messer, "Let us make a demonstration in Cambridge of the distinctive Association work that will convince and challenge the whole New England field." Messer came and remained in Cambridge long enough

for the prophesy in this suggestion to become Association history. The tide turned. Messer demonstrated the proposition and the Cambridge Association soon became, and for some time remained, the model and the inspiration of the Associations of Massachusetts and of the other New England States.

My younger brother, Frank, and I were boyhood chums though I was all the time getting him into trouble. When he was big enough to handle a hatchet without chopping his fingers, I persuaded him that it was great sport to chop the nightly kindling wood for the morning fire, and from that day on it was his "chore."

When he was "a real big boy, 'most eight,' " I let him go for the milk, a task from which I thereafter had surcease. Later, he followed me into the church and into the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

When I was assistant secretary in the old Twenty-third Street, New York Association, Frank was exploring the shoe business in New York and was active on the committee force of the Association, from which he was called to the general secretaryship of the Association in Auburn, Maine. He remained in that position most of the time that I was in state work in Massachusetts.

After two years in Maine, Frank became general secretary of the Albany, N. Y., Association where he remained seven years, built a modern Association and secured a modern Association building and packed it with young men. While Frank was in Albany it was convenient for me to stop over and visit with him on my trips Westward and Eastward.

I spent two months in the fall of 1890 getting the Omaha, Neb., Association "off the rocks" and when it was in smooth water, Robert Weidensall nominated

Frank for the general secretaryship and asked me to use my influence to get him to accept the call. I told Frank that he was having things altogether too easy in Albany, that Omaha was the storm and power center of a new empire in the making, and he went to Omaha early in 1891 on the missionary appeal.

Frank stayed in Omaha until the stone door steps of the Association were nearly worn through with the feet of the young men and boys who thronged the Association building and then, having shown a talent for publicity, was called to the editorship of the Association "trade journal" *Association Men.*

Frank was very happy in his work in all three of the cities in which he served in the Association, and he and the young men, and the business men, who served with him, went into the work in the spirit of an Irishman going into a fight. The cry of the city was still to be heard, but with it a more cheerful sound, "the voice of them that shout for mastery."

THE CRY OF THE CITY

Out of the desperate needs of young men,
With infinite powers, unguessed,
Misused and repressed, rose a cry—
Young men, the hope of the nation,
Congested, exploited, tempted
And ready to die.

Into the lives of Christian young men
Came that cry—young men also tempted
But knowing the way of victorious living,
And ready to vie with each other in giving
Themselves and their efforts
To answer the cry.

Into life programs of purposeful men
Came that cry—men richly gifted,
Who gladly passed by
Alluring careers, with vision uplifted,
And made it their calling
To answer the cry.

Into the hearts of resourceful men
Came that cry—men of broad interests,
Who matched life with treasure,
And gave without measure,
Of counsel and service,
To answer the cry.

This cry of the city
Came into the ear of the Father on high.
His infinite pity
Kindled the lives of Christian young men,
Lifted the vision of purposeful men,
Opened the hearts of resourceful men
And answered the cry.

CHAPTER VI

THE CALL OF THE COLLEGES

My consciousness of "The Advantages of Association Work in Colleges" as outlined in my paper at the Massachusetts State Convention in '81, had still to be reckoned with, notwithstanding my subsequent experience in New York City and in Massachusetts with the young men problem of the cities.

Soon after I went to the Massachusetts state work, Mr. Wishard confided to me his hope that I might become his associate in the college work of the International Committee, and I was responsive to this suggestion. But Wishard had been delayed in securing the official approval of his plan by the International Committee, and while the matter hung fire I went forward with my city and state Association work, which had all I had to give of head and hand while the student work in prospect had my heart. When, after I had returned to Williams to complete my college course, Mr. Sayford wrote me asking if I would "stand by" the Massachusetts state work, to release him for general evangelistic work, I agreed to do so, meaning that I would stand by to the extent necessary to leave him free to do the thing he wanted to do.

As I continued in my work in Massachusetts, the college work fire smouldered, but Wishard occasionally raked over the coals and added a little fuel. He arranged for me to attend the International Convention in Milwaukee in May, 1883, and the Intercollegiate Association Conference held in connection with that convention; also to represent the Association student movement

at the meeting of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance in Hartford in October, 1883. He also gave me some responsibility in connection with the New England College Association Conference at Amherst in 1884, and had me accompany him in visits to student centers in or adjacent to my Massachusetts field, including a week-end visit to Phillips Andover Academy in November, 1883, at which nine of the boys took a stand for Christ.

I spent the following Sunday with them and helped the boys conserve and extend the interest awakened the week before, starting entry prayer meetings and coaching the Christian boys in personal work with their fellows. On this second visit six more boys came out. In January, I spent another Sunday at Andover and there were four more decisions for Christ, and since my last visit in November, the boys themselves had added ten more, bringing the number up to twenty-nine.

The responsiveness of these Andover boys, practically all of whom were headed for college, combined with my knowledge of the magnitude and ripeness of the college field for the Association work, made me less willing to remain indefinitely in Massachusetts chiefly for the work in cities, notwithstanding the fact that the city work seemed to be making good progress. It was hard, however, to decide between the two fields, as both were important and attractive and I deferred my decision until the Fall of 1884, when I resigned my position as state secretary, burned my bridges behind me, and joined Wishard in the hope and expectation of giving my undivided attention to the college work.

The Board of Foreign Missions of
The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York
Office of Secretary.

March 3, 1927.

My dear Mr. Ober:

Regarding your Andover visits in 1883-84, that was my first year at Andover and I remember you very well. My recollection of you is of your speaking at the Sunday evening service in the old room in the basement. That may have been the Sunday in January. That was forty-three years ago and many details fade out of one's memory in that time, but I think I can still recall that meeting, with Osgood presiding in a rather dark old room on the ground floor of the old Academy building, and you speaking. I can remember the sober, direct way in which you spoke.

We had a fine lot of boys at Andover then and there was a lot of good even in the wild crowd, and as offsetting them we had as noble a company of extremely able, courageous, and pure-hearted youngsters as I think could have been gathered together. Among them were Professor Ropes of Harvard, Professor John Strong of Rochester and now of the Biblical Seminary, and Dean Myer of the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington, and Henry Stimson, later Secretary of War; and Fred Lund and Billy Graves, who became two of the greatest surgeons in Boston, and Governor George Carter of Hawaii, and dozens more who have made their mark for good in the world.

I remember well the entry prayer meetings of that year. I was living in Mrs. Abbott's house and we had some meetings there and those that I usually attended were in the old Latin Commons, and some of those that I remember best were held, I think, in the room of O. K. Judd. His life later was built into some one of the growing communities in the Southwest.

I can never sufficiently thank God for having been thrown into the associations and influences of Andover in those days.

With warm regards,

Your sincere friend,

(Signed) Robert E. Speer.

Two years after graduation, in my first year in the college work of the International Committee, in the summer of 1885, I was one of a party of four secretaries of the International Committee spending six weeks in Northfield, Mass., the home of Mr. D. L. Moody, in a combined program of recreation and Bible study, with special reference to the preparation of a course of Bible study for use in the college Associations.

We roomed in a house adjoining Mr. Moody's home and did most of our work under the maples commanding that wonderful view of the Connecticut valley, the Green Mountains and the Berkshires. We saw Mr. Moody every day and occasionally he visited with us. He was busy preparing for a conference in Northfield in August, at which four hundred or more persons were expected and the business arrangements for which were in the hands of Mr. Marshall, a Christian business man who was the treasurer of the Northfield Seminary, in the buildings of which the guests were to be entertained and the sessions of the conference held.

One morning Mr. Moody came to our party and said rather abruptly, "I've got to call off my conference. Marshall has Bright's disease and the doctor has ordered him to drop everything." We asked him if he could not find another man to take Marshall's place, but he seemed to think that this would not be possible on such short notice. Shortly after this interview with Mr. Moody, Wishard, without consulting me, or any other member of our party, went to Mr. Moody and suggested a possible way out of his difficulty.

Mr. Moody then came to me and said, "Ober, Wishard tells me that you can run a hotel."

"Well," I replied, "Wishard must claim it by faith. I never *have* run a hotel; I did run a boarding house when

I was in college, which is probably what he means, but that is a different proposition."

"What kind of a proposition was it,"

"Another student and I got the college trustees to give us the use of the college boarding house; the other fellow did the buying and I planned and managed the business; we had a hundred and twenty-five boarders with four grades of board, from $2.50 to $5.00 per week; we ran it for two and a half years without losing any money and then turned it over to other students who are running it now on the same plan."

"Do you think that you could handle this thing here?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I think I could."

Mr. Moody seemed to be impressed with my vote of confidence in myself, all his hesitation vanished and he said with great earnestness, "Well, if you will do it, there is nothing that I won't do for you."

I told him that I was not in the hotel business and that I would not consider it on that basis. "But," I said, "if you will let me in on this thing and let me do my part, just as you do yours, as a privilege, as a piece of Christian work, there is nothing that I won't do for *you*." He laughed and said, "All right, do it any way you like."

The time for completing our preparation was short; we had, as I recall, over four hundred guests, for about one hundred of whom we had to extemporize accommodations. But we came through without accident and everybody seemed happy, especially Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody was a good sport, he took me at my word and never attempted to get even with me, but our relations from that time on were friendly and cooperative.

Near the end of my second year in the college work, in early December of 1886, Mr. Moody conducted a series of meetings for men in the new building of the Brooklyn

Association, and I was asked to take charge of the inquiry work, which I did.

The Brooklyn Association, shortly after, was without a general secretary and I was invited to take the position. The proposition appealed to me, with its opportunity to serve the young men of a great city, through an Association with a splendid new Association building, to be next door neighbor to McBurney, and to have a home life such as was not possible under the conditions of the traveling work.

Mr. McWilliams of the Brooklyn Association, a friend of Mr. Moody and Mr. Richard Morse, and whom I esteemed highly from my association with him in the Brooklyn meetings, came on to Boston to talk the matter over with me. The cry of the city was becoming articulate again, and this time it seemed almost personal, as if it said "We mean *you!*" I could, of course, do no less than promise to take the matter under advisement and I did this for several days.

As I thought the matter over, however, I recalled the fact that I had fully considered the same proposition in principle less than two years before, when I had left the state work in Massachusetts for the work in the colleges, and that I had not had time to satisfy the reasons for the change.

This consideration hushed the tumult of seemingly conflicting interests, the call of the colleges drowned the cry of the city, and I went on with my work in the colleges and thought no more about it.

In April, 1886, Wishard and Moody got together on the plan of holding a College Students' Conference in the coming July in the buildings of the Mount Hermon Boys' School, a few miles from Northfield, and Wishard wired me to meet Mr. Morse of the International Com-

mittee and himself in New York to consider the proposition. There was no question as to the desirability of the conference, but only as to its practicability, and Wishard said, "Ober and I will take the field and work up the delegations, Moody will preside at the platform meetings, I will look after the Association conference program, and Ober can handle the executive and business end, just as he did at the August conference in Northfield last summer."

We had a great conference attended by more than 250 students from nearly 90 colleges. It was the pioneer conference of a succession of similar annual Students' Summer Conferences in Northfield, at Silver Bay on Lake George, at Lake Geneva, Wis., at Blue Ridge, N. C., and elsewhere in this and other countries throughout the world. In fact, more than one hundred Students' Summer Conferences are now annually in session in thirty different countries, with an annual enrolment of more than fifteen thousand students.

I served as executive of the Northfield Students' Conference for six years, including the Conference of 1891, and also, with Mott, helped to launch a similar conference at Lake Geneva, Wis., in 1890. I also organized another conference at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1892.

I continued in the college work of the International Committee for five and a half years, until the autumn of 1890; the first three and a half years as the junior associate of Luther D. Wishard, the story of whose work I have recorded elsewhere, and the last two years as senior college secretary, with John R. Mott as my junior associate. In the preface to my story of the life work of Luther D. Wishard, I describe my relation to these two remrkable leaders as that of a connecting link:

"The two upstanding leaders in the early years of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association Movement were

Luther D. Wishard and John R. Mott; but Wishard went out before Mott was ready to come in. Continuity of leadership was desirable and, letting H, rather than X stand for this unknown quantity, I came in as the hyphen connecting the two uprights of the H."

CHAPTER VII

WISHARD

In 1895, the North American Association Movement was well established in the home and foreign fields. Wishard had returned in 1892 from his four years' tour in mission lands, having inaugurated a National Association Movement in India and having laid foundations for similar movements in Japan and China. He had then given three years, as the home secretary for the Association foreign work, to the developing of the foreign work consciousness and responsibility in the home Associations.

It was in that year of 1895 that H. P. Andersen, then one of my associates in the North American field work, and later associated with Dr. Mott in the student and foreign work, remarked to a group of his fellow secretaries, "Blot out the whole Association Movement in North America and all of its leaders, with the exception of five men, and I will reproduce it in ten years."

Andersen's remark impressed me at the time, because he had a discerning mind and was not given to extravagant speaking. One of the five men he insisted on saving for the work of reproducing the movement was Wishard.

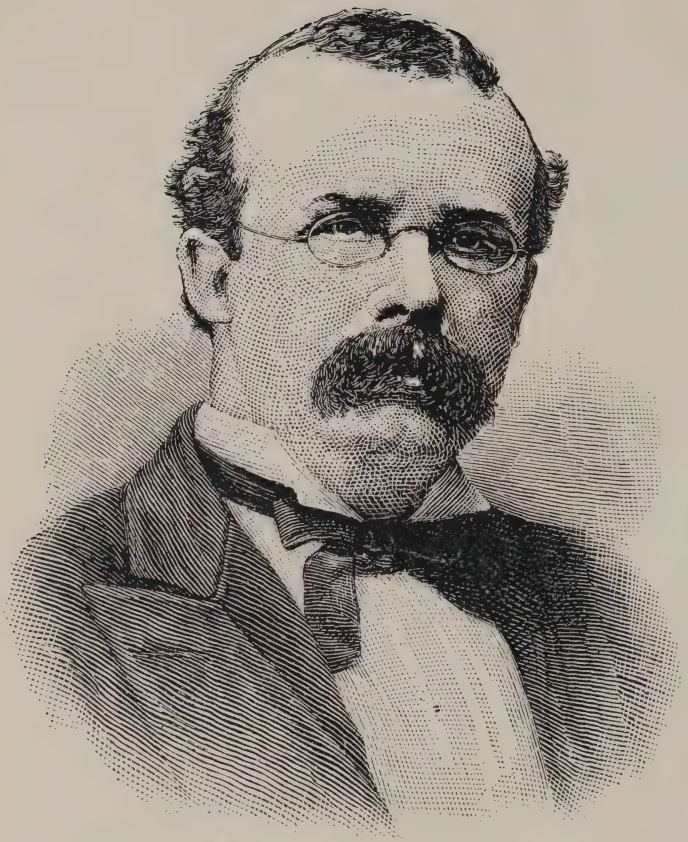
I had known Wishard for three years before I joined him in the college work of the International Committee. I did not know then what I have learned since, that one of his ancestors was George Wishart, the eloquent preacher, reformer and martyr, who died at the stake in Scotland for his faith (and works) about the middle of the sixteenth century; that his great grandfather was an American Revolutionary soldier and a pioneer settler

in Kentucky about the same time as the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, and that he, Wishard, like Lincoln, was born in a log cabin farmhouse in the Middle West, not far, or different, from President Lincoln's birthplace. But I did know that he was "a lad o' pairts" with some big ideas, a big heart and an almost irresistible way of putting things.

One of Wishard's big ideas was the College Young Men's Christian Association, as a comprehensive scheme of Christian work in an individual college; another was the Intercollegiate Association Movement; another was the Intercollegiate Y.W.C.A.; and still another was the foreign work of the American and Canadian Young Men's Christian Associations.

It took Wishard about twenty-three years to translate these ideas into organizations and to develop these organizations to the point where they became self-perpetuating. Wishard had no use for a machine without a self-starter.

Wishard gave eleven years to the college Association work in North America, during which period the college Associations increased from 26 to 278 and the members of the Associations from 1,320 to 14,872, a growth of eleven hundred per cent. in eleven years. Mere numbers, however, do not tell the whole story. The biggest thing about the College Young Men's Christian Association was the Association itself. Wishard's idea of the college Association was embodied in his "Form of Constitution of the College Young Men's Christian Association," which he prepared and the adoption of which he secured by the second intercollegiate Association Conference in Baltimore in 1879, at the end of his second year in the student work. Wishard, as well as the college Association, had a remarkable constitution, and he subjected it to a terrific strain, not going as far, however,



LUTHER D. WISHARD, AS THE AUTHOR FIRST KNEW HIM IN 1882.
(From cut in Harper's Monthly Magazine of January, 1882)

as the man who said that he had worn out his constitution and was living on his by-laws. I recall one of Wishard's busy years, when he was visiting colleges in a series of Western States, accompanied in each field by the Association state secretary. His work in the Illinois colleges was in about the middle of this campaign. When they finished in Illinois, I. E. Brown, the state secretary, broke down and went home a nervous wreck, but Wishard kept on with his engagements in several States following and completed the series apparently as fresh as a daisy.

Wishard also had a happy disposition, "a saving sense of humor" and a remarkable personality.

According to one of his classmates in Princeton, Wishard in Princeton "was the best known and most popular man in college (athletes excepted perhaps). He had the most hearty laugh of any person I ever knew. In public gatherings, when there was anything to laugh at, Wishard's laugh would ring out above all others and people would laugh to hear him laugh, and you would hear people sitting near you say in an undertone "That's Wishard." Wishard had a remarkable memory and could recall his itinerary for an entire year and for any year of his work, with incidents, accidents and anecdotes, some laughable, some serious, and it was "as good as a circus" to get him started in a reminiscent mood. He and Robert Weidensall made a good team, like the two end men in a minstrel show, each provoking the other to good works, and, as occasion afforded, turning the laugh on the other.

Wishard's ability to see the funny side of things and to provoke a laugh in others was not a symptom of a light and trifling disposition. He could make you cry as easily as he could make you laugh. There was evident always a deep undertone and serious purpose

which was the sustaining and driving force of his remarkably productive life work.

In a letter to me in 1883, Wishard stated the objective of the College Young Men's Christian Association, which was his major interest at that time, "to save men in college and to send men out to save men as Christian business men, as Association secretaries, as ministers and as missionaries," and this, as long as I knew him in this work, was Wishard's personal objective.

From the very beginning of his college work Wishard saw that the College Young Men's Christian Association could not be confined to North America and as early as 1883 he purposed to pioneer this work on "the foreign field." He felt, however, that success abroad would depend on a strong base at home and so he continued in the North American college work for a full period of eleven years, until 1888.

When I joined him for the American college work in 1885, I think that Wishard felt that my coming in would let him out, to the extent of enabling him to make his proposed extended tour in mission lands. It did that, and more, for it also let in Mott, and Wishard's work in his four years' tour on the foreign field let in the Association Movement in Japan, China, India and South Africa, and the foreign work of the American Young Men's Christian Associations.

When Wishard started on his four years' tour in mission lands he practically severed his relation to the college work in America, and was listed in the Association Year Book as a secretary "absent on leave." When he returned, in 1892, I had gone out into the general field work, Mott had the college work well in hand, and the Association foreign work, which did not exist when he started on his tour, was waiting for him on the dock.

CHAPTER VIII

MOTT

I first met John R. Mott in the spring term of his sophomore year in Cornell University. He had recently been elected president of the Cornell Association and I had come to Cornell in May, 1886, to secure delegates to the first Students' Summer Conference at Mount Hermon, Mass.

Mott had received our printed announcement and he and one other student were thinking seriously of attending the conference. These two nails clinched, Mott and I went out and secured eight others, so that Cornell was represented at Mount Hermon by ten men.

Mott was the real leader of the Cornell delegation through the entire twenty-six days of the Mount Hermon Conference. He got his men together for a conference at the close of each day and reviewed the day's program in the light of Cornell's need and their opportunity on their return. As a result, these ten men, under Mott's leadership, became the nucleus of a remarkably efficient Association.

When, toward the close of the Mount Hermon Conference, the foreign missionary interest developed, resulting in the declaration by one hundred men present that they were "willing and desirous, God permitting, of becoming foreign missionaries," Mott was one of the original one hundred and when five of the number were chosen to tour the colleges with the student volunteer message, Mott was one of the five.

Another of the five, Tewksbury of Harvard, soon withdrew and between the close of the Conference and the opening of the new college year, three of the re-

maining four, including Mott, also withdrew, for various reasons, so that only one man, Robert P. Wilder of Princeton, remained; but he was joined by John N. Forman, also of Princeton, and these two made the tour of the colleges that college year, as a result of which the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was inaugurated.

I think that Mott, practically up to the last minute, really hoped to go, but the situation at Cornell was imperative and he felt it his duty to stand by and also to continue his work of preparation without breaking the continuity of his college course.

The following letter from Mott about that time not only reveals the Association situation at Cornell, but in its closing paragraph seems to indicate that up to that date he had not wholly given up hope of joining Wilder for the missionary tour of the colleges.

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1886.

Dear Ober:

Your letters of recent dates duly received but owing to rush of Association work I have been forced to delay the acknowledgment of the same. We are working with every power of body and soul on an entering class of over 330 and God is with us. One hundred and one things about the work are occupying my time as Grant is just leaving, and I am taking up the burden.

In view of this fact I have not been able to give the Social Purity question close continued thought. Next week I shall begin to investigate the question thoroughly for I do want to act understandingly. There is no question which stirs me more than this save Missions and I mean to get down to the bottom of it. If you can set me on the track of any good pamphlets, books, reviews, etc., along this line other than the White Cross literature, I shall esteem it a great kindness.

I should also like to know about what time you will want me down at the city so I can make arrangements. Please keep me informed on developments; in the meantime I shall give the question much prayerful thought.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN R. MOTT.

I think that in deciding not to break the continuity of his university course, Mott made a very wise choice. If he had decided otherwise, so far as we can now see, he would not have found his way into Christian work, for the position he was called to fill was like a time lock, opening in 1888, and he would not then have been ready for it, as his missionary tour in the colleges would have delayed his graduation till 1889. More light is thrown on Mott's problem and the reasonableness of his decision to stand by the Cornell work by the following letter to me dated nearly four months later.

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1887.

My dear Ober:

I have wanted to write to you for a long time but I have been so cramped with University and Association duties that it has been practically impossible.

A word about last term's work. It was the most prosperous term in the life of our Association. Our membership grew from 150 to nearly 300. We have secured about 125 from the entering class of 300; this leaves a large field in which to work this winter. Man-to-man work has been the secret of our progress. All our meetings show a marked increase in attendance, especially the class and workers prayer conference meetings—the latter having grown from an attendance of 14 at the first of term to 33 at the last meeting.

The Sunday meeting was so large that we were crowded out of our hall into the largest room in the University. At present we are seriously considering the building project. From our attendance you can see that we are in great need of a building; in

fact the work will be shackled very soon if we do not have fit accommodations. Our need is more crying than was Yale's.

Our Training classes now number 10 (an increase of seven) with a membership of about 60. We still adhere to the International Text Book but some of the students are also trying McConaughy's notes. We have started a library also which is slowly growing.

I should like very much to have a good talk with you on several important matters, as the White Cross, new building, the Y. W. C. A. problem in Cornell, the test that should be applied to reading matter received into our library, etc. I need your counsel very much. I have been re-elected president for the coming year and I am beginning to feel keenly the responsibility attached to the position and want to have all the light possible. Moreover, all of our boys who know you are very anxious that you make us a visit this winter.

Can't you spend several days with us? At least stop over Sunday with us. You know that the more complex the machine, the more liability there is of its getting out of order. So we claim that a large Association like ours with its complex composition needs watching much more than some of the smaller ones. If it is within the range of the possible for you to come we will welcome you heartily. Please let me hear from you at once.

Yours in Christian sympathy,

JOHN R. MOTT.

I accepted the invitation in the above letter and spent three days with Mott at Cornell in May 1887, giving me opportunity not only to observe the developments of the Association work in Cornell under Mott's leadership, but also to have fellowship with Mott in his personal problem. We talked together not only on the affairs of the Association but of the things of the spirit. Mott was, at that time, making a study of the teaching of the Bible concerning the Holy Spirit and I tried to explain my understanding of the work of the Holy Spirit uniting us with Christ in a dynamic sense, so that we were partakers of his resurrection life, and I pointed out to him

the passages of Scripture, on this subject, particularly in Paul's Epistle to the Colossians.

On the train, as I was leaving Cornell, somewhere between Ithaca and Albany, I recalled my talk with Mott and was not satisfied with my explanation. I said to myself, "I did not make that matter plain to Mott. I wonder if I can state it any more clearly by letter." I took out pen and paper and started to write, first putting down the passages in Colossians to which I had particularly referred. I was surprised to note that my thoughts were running in rhythm, but I let them run, and this is what I wrote.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him. . . . Ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead. . . . .

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

—*Colossians* 2:6 *and* 12 *and Chapter* 3:1.

Risen with Christ!
  Immortal now
In glory is the Christ,
  And as He is
So in this world are we.
  Backward, the past,
With all its sin,
  Lies buried in the grave
From which He rose.
  Forward, the path
Of glory. Ushered in
  Already is the day.
At evening time
  It shall be light,
And now, at morn,
  He stands upon the shore
And tells us where
  To cast the net for men,
And we obey.

The quickened mind,
The burning heart,
The glowing face—
Like his who saw
The glory of the Lord—
All these but mark
Our nearness to the Christ
On resurrection ground.
Active, we wait
His coming step;
Eager, we scan
His message o'er and o'er;
Loving, we bear
His words to dying men;
Patient, like them
"That dwell with hedges and
With plants," there dwell
We with the King
And for his work.

These lines were part of a letter entirely personal between Mott and myself and not intended for publication. Mott, however, without consultation, published them in the Cornell Association Bulletin for the following month, June, 1887, which would seem to indicate that he was in sympathy with the sentiment expressed and also that he was sufficiently assured of our friendship to publish them without taking the trouble of first securing my consent.

During the next college year, 1887-'88, the Cornell Association under Mott's leadership, started a building campaign by first securing one hundred subscriptions of $100 each, and then by interesting Mr. Barnes, the publisher, and securing from him the gift of their commodious and beautiful Association building, Barnes Hall, the University trustees giving the site on the campus.

I kept in touch with Mott and the Cornell Association work and when, early in 1888, Mr. Wishard, our senior

college secretary, secured a leave of absence for his four years tour in mission lands, and I was appointed senior college secretary with the privilege of choosing my associate, I chose Mott.

I, of course, took Mott into my confidence in the matter, but did not try to bring it to a conclusion immediately. I arranged, however, that the "official call" should be presented to Mott by Morse, McBurney, Wishard and Henry Webster, chairman of our college committee, while Mott was in attendance at the New York State Association Convention in Harlem in the third week of February, 1888.

I was absent on an extended tour in the West from which I did not return to New York until the latter part of March, when I learned that Mott had not been heard from and the inference was that he had practically decided not to accept the call. I, therefore, went at once to Cornell to see him and we talked the matter over together, "pro and con." Mott's part was mostly "con," as he saw real difficulties in the way of his acceptance of the call, but he was fair and constructive and took careful note of all I had to say.

He was afraid that his health would not stand the strain of the strenuous program of traveling work. I told him that there were some advantages in that kind of work as the engagements were short, he could take all the time he wanted to rest between them, and "if he was persecuted in one" college, he could "flee to another." He said that he did not know enough about the general Association movement, or about his own special qualifications to justify him in making the decision for a life work. I told him that he could learn a good deal about the general work in a year and that he did not need to make his final decision then, that he would also know more about him-

self at the end of a year's experience in the work and I said to him what Philip said to Nathaniel, "Come and see."

I told him that he could take whatever additional time he needed to think the matter through in the light of our conference and write me as soon as he was able to reach a decision.

Mott went with me to my train, which I think was late, and while waiting for the train we stepped under a shed near the platform, out of the rain. The casual observer would not have noted any change in posture or overheard our uttered words, but we were mindful of the injunction: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." In about two weeks I received the following letter:

The Cornell University Christian Association,
Ithaca, N. Y., Apr. 16, 1888.

My dear Ober:

This decision is hanging fire longer than I expected it would. As far as I am concerned, I am prepared to say that I will try the work next year. I have adjusted a plan for Cornell next year which meets the approval of our safest and best men. There are one or two points in connection with it which are not perfectly clear to-day but which I hope to have settled within a week. My parents, I can see, are somewhat loath to letting me go but they not only do not answer my arguments in favor of entering the work, but also do not forbid my doing so. I can, therefore, give you my *ultimatum* within one week. Will it be necessary or advisable at that time to notify the International Committee to that effect or will that be done by you?. . . .

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) JOHN R. MOTT.

The "ultimatum" came in due time. Mott was willing to risk "one year" and I was willing that he should appeal to the verdict of time. "One year" passes very quickly,

but it is long enough for the judge to hear many witnesses and to weigh much evidence.

Mott joined me at at the Northfield Student Conference the latter part of June, then took his vacation and entered upon his work in September. Aside from the work of visiting colleges and attending conferences and conventions, there were a number of problems and projects claiming the attention of the college secretaries, such as the finances, directing the work of Sayford and Wilder, in their evangelistic and missionary campaigns, relationships with other Association departments and agencies, etc. I told Mott, however, that I wanted him to take the first two or three months in visiting the colleges and getting acquainted with the field and work of the college associations, without taking any special responsibilities.

In December, however, I felt that the time had come for him to take something that would be all his own and see what he could do with it. So, as explained more in detail in Chapter IX, I gave him the chairmanship of the Student Volunteer Executive Committee,though this came as a surprise to Mott and to Mr. Morse, so much so, that, as Mr. Morse reports, my "insistence" was necessary to carry the proposition with the Committee.

In about seven months from the time that Mott began his work, the time came for all the secretaries of the International Committee to make their reports for the Association year book and Mott's report included the following:

"I have visited forty-three colleges in fourteen states and two provinces. . . . . Many young men have made a personal surrender to Christ. . . . . I spent two weeks with Mr. Ober in the preparation of a new system of Bible study for training classes, especially designed for use in colleges. . . . . Several days were

spent in Michigan and Maine in showing how the Missionary Department of our college association work could meet the present need far better than such new or additional student organizations as had been projected for the purpose. I have also facilitated by counsel and correspondence, the tour of R. P. Wilder among our College Associations."

Evangelism, Bible study, missions, organization, supervision, responsibility, forty-three colleges, sixteen states and provinces in seven months of travel and adventure! Just ahead was the Northfield Student Summer Conference, with over four hundred student delegates, delegations of Japanese students and men from the British Universities. A little farther on was the Philadelphia Association International Convention, and the launching of the Association Foreign Work, the retreat on Baker's Island and the Deputation Training Conferences.

Mott said that he would try it for a year, but as the year waned the work greatened. The experiment ripened into an experience and, as he told me some years after, he "got into it so deep" he had "never been able to get out of it."

CHAPTER IX

HARNESSING A GUSHER

"A gusher," according to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, is "primarily an oil well with a copious flow of oil." To this, the Standard Dictionary adds, "a well that discharges oil with force, not requiring to be pumped." In other words, "a gusher" is a phenomenon in nature corresponding to what in social, political and religious matters is called "a movement." It has spontaneity, volume, power and continuity. To be of value to mankind, however, an instrument of blessing rather than of destruction, a gusher must be controlled, and the best time to begin to control it is before it begins to flow.

At the first Association Students' Summer Conference at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, in July of 1886, such a phenomenon occurred, which, later, came to be known as "The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions." The story of the beginning of this Movement has frequently been told; in fact, I have told it myself on several occasions, but always with a reservation, as the Student Volunteer Movement, at the beginning, had elements of weakness and even of danger, both of which in time were rectified and outgrown, and it did not seem to me to be necessary, or wise even, to call attention to them. My official connection also with the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations and our desire to emphasize as far as possible the real spontaneity of the Movement, made me contented to leave the story of the Movement, as far as it was worth recording, with the Recording Angel.

Before referring to what took place at the Mount Hermon Conference and after, let us remind ourselves that the Students' Summer Conference at Mount Hermon was a conference of representatives of college Young Men's Christian Associations, and that these student Associations were affiliated in an Intercollegiate Association Movement which, in its second conference, at Baltimore, in 1879, seven years before the Mount Hermon Conference, had unanimously, and with enthusiasm, adopted a missionary department and incorporated it into its constitution, and into its local and inter-collegiate programs.

The two International student secretaries also, Wishard and Ober, in charge of the Mount Hermon Students' Conference, were enthusiasts on foreign missions, were in fact "detained volunteers," and were entirely in sympathy with the student volunteer recruiting idea. They suggested it, encouraged it and worked for its extension, conservation and development, at Mount Hermon and in the colleges, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. D. L. Moody and influential members of the International Committee, including its chairman, looked on it with serious questioning.

At the Mount Hermon Conference, the missionary enthusiasm and the commitment of a considerable number of the student delegates to the missionary volunteer declaration did not develop until the last days of the conference. Wishard and I were in the confidence and counsels of the student leaders and were led to suggest the missionary recruiting tour in the colleges by representative volunteers from the Mount Hermon Conference by the precedent of the tour of "the Cambridge Band" in the British universities, the story of which we had heard at Northfield the summer before.

The student volunteers at Mount Hermon took up this idea with enthusiasm and began to talk together about what they would do in the colleges, and it became evident to me that there was a strong sentiment among them in favor of forming missionary volunteer bands in the colleges independent of the college Young Men's Christian Associations, and their missionary departments. *I saw that, if they did this, it would, to the extent that it succeeded, de-missionaryize our college Associations. I saw also that the hope of making the Missionary Volunteer Movement a success was to make the college Associations responsible for it.*

It was very difficult to get some of the student leaders to see this, and so I proposed a tramp into the country one afternoon, when we could have opportunity to talk the thing over with the leaders, one by one. Then, I proposed a conference, I think it was for that very evening, of the leaders with the college secretaries and the older friends, speakers and others, who were sympathetic with the movement. To this conference I presented a program for the proposed tour and its objectives, which, after full discussion, was unanimously adopted and Mr. Wishard and I were requested to select the men to make the tour. The *sine qua non,* without which Wishard and I could not have cooperated, was the assurance that the proposed recruiting campaign for missionary volunteers should not be independent of the student Association, but that the student Associations be made responsible for its conservation and development. *This assurance the leaders gave. What did they get?* The proposed recruiting campaign, or "movement," as it later came to be known, *captured a pipe line,* giving it immediate connection with over two hundred colleges, with probably a thousand local student Association leaders ready to wel-

come and help to promote it. It also captured the two International Committee student secretaries, as a lecture bureau, or routing agency through the colleges, also a fund sufficient to meet all the expenses of the tour, which Wishard, one of the secretaries, secured.

One of the human factors contributing to the missionary awakening at the Mount Hermon Students' Conference was an address by Dr. Wm. Ashmore, a veteran missionary from China, a great missionary with a great experience and a strong, sane, courageous message.

Within a few days after the close of the conference I interviewed Dr. Clark, foreign secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and wrote Dr. Ashmore and others for their estimate of the number of new missionaries needed by their respective societies within the next five years.

The following letter from Dr. Ashmore, in reply to my letter, is interesting not so much for his estimate of the missionaries needed as for his impressions of the Missionary Movement, the beginnings of which he pulsed at Mount Hermon, and his faith in the timeliness and future of the Movement:

Dayton, O.
Aug. 18, 1886.

Dear Mr. Ober:

Your most acceptable note has followed me up and found me here. I answer at once.

You are right in getting an expression from the society secretaries. It will, I hope, stimulate them to more daring work. Some of them need it, though it might be resented if such an opinion were expressed.

The need of the hour is to have something definite. God has been definite in presenting the fields. Now we need something definite wherewith to go before the young men of the colleges. Let them see that five hundred or a thousand men have an open

door before them and that God bids them enter and I am sure responses will come. They will "be made willing in the day of His power." And then when the field is open and the men are ready, the appeal can be made definitely to the men of this land who have God's treasure in their shops, their stores, their barns and their banks. They, too, will "be made willing."

Our own secretary is Rev. Dr. Murdock, whose office is at the mission rooms, Tremont Temple. Unfortunately he is now absent, visiting the stations in Europe. So far as my own opinion goes, I give it without hesitation. We ought in the next five years send out not less than a hundred men. I am not now discussing the money question. That will come bye and bye, as soon as we know the men can be obtained. "Have faith in God." So we have for He has said that "All nations shall serve the King whom He sets upon His Holy Hill of Zion."

The more I think of it, the more grandly that Mt. Hermon consecration looms up. It is only the beginning, God help you and make you and make us all to be heroes. In all my life I never saw a work more manifestly the work of the Spirit than was that Mt. Hermon matter. You and Mr. Wishard did a grand work when you labored to get those young fellows together.

Here, by the way, let me say a few of my own kind personal friends have felt ready to attribute to me a share in helping along the movement which I do not deserve and I am pained at it. You yourselves and Mr. Moody and Dr. Pierson and the young fellows themselves had all that started before I got there. I was a wondering spectator more than a successful actor. I know all that and I only want you all to know that commendation given to me which belongs to others, has given me great pain. I have written to one paper and I will take care to write to others and leave a different impression from what one of my friends has given.

Mott is a grand fellow. I had a good long talk with him that day.

Gratefully and truly yours,

W. Ashmore.

That college year of 1886-'87, during which Robert P. Wilder and John N. Forman campaigned in the colleges for student missionary volunteers, added to the one hundred volunteers at the Mount Hermon Student Con-

ference the names of more than two thousand students who declared that they were "willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries."

The next college year of 1887-'88 there were no campaigners in the field, in fact no one had yet thought of making the campaigning in the colleges continuous, except as the missionary recruiting emphasis could be given by the volunteers themselves and by the agents and agencies of the regular student Associations. The Student Volunteer Movement as an organization did not then exist.

When we came up to the Students' Summer Conference at Northfield in July of 1888, two things were evident: First, that the missionary interest in the colleges had waned; and second, that along the pathway of Wilder's and Forman's visits of the year before, a number of student missionary societies had sprung up independent of the student Associations. Some of these missionary societies, we understood, called themselves "Wilder Bands," this, of course, being done without Mr. Wilder's initiative or consent.

Wishard was in Europe, Mott was with me at Northfield and had not yet taken responsibility, but it was evident that the thing that we feared at Mount Hermon was actually taking place in spite of our precautions and notwithstanding Wilder's and Forman's purpose to "build according to the pattern shown" them at Mount Hermon. A conference of leaders was called and the situation laid before them, together with a plan for meeting it.

The conference agreed that the matter must be grappled with seriously and immediately and that the best plan would be to get Wilder to give another year to visitation among the colleges, reaffirming and strengthening

the student volunteer recruiting emphasis and reorganizing these independent missionary societies into the regular missionary department of the student Associations. This Wilder, at considerable sacrifice, consented to do and the same man who paid the expenses of the first Student Volunteer campaign of two years before requested the privilege of providing the money for Wilder's second tour.

In the last week in November, 1888, Wilder and I were together on the train between Louisville and Indianapolis, and I told him that in my judgment the time had come to organize the Student Volunteer Movement and that it should be organized in such a way as to prevent its becoming an independent movement, but rather that it should be a missionary clearing house of the three student organizations in which the student volunteers were to be found, namely, the Intercollegiate Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association and the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance, American and Canadian.

Wilder agreed to this plan and it was officially endorsed by these organizations, each of which elected its own representative to the membership of the Student Volunteer Movement Executive Committee. In his book, "My Life With Young Men," Mr. Richard C. Morse, general secretary of the Association International Committee, writes:

"In framing the Student Volunteer Executive Committee, an International student secretary was desired as chairman. For this office Ober was the logical choice, but his insistence that Mott should be chosen prevailed with the International Committee."

My insistence on the appointment of Mott as chairman of the Student Volunteer Executive Committee was

prompted not solely by my solicitude for the future of the Student Volunteer Movement, but also and perhaps chiefly, for the future of Mott as a coming leader in Christian work. I felt that the time had come for him to take some definite responsibility, for his own development and for his deeper commitment to what I hoped would become his life work. That was in December, 1888, and Mott guided the policy and program of the American Student Volunteer Movement as chairman of its Executive Committee for more than thirty-one years and has become increasingly identified with the modern missionary movement, being now the chairman of the International Missionary Council, which unites all of the Protestant missionary forces of the world.

I have referred to the fact that Mr. D. L. Moody and the chairman of the Association International Committee, Mr. Brainerd, had serious questioning as to the wisdom of the promotion of the missionary recruiting movement in the colleges on the part of the Young Men's Christian Associations or its official representatives. Mr. Brainerd wrote me a letter on this subject which I referred to Wishard and which prompted the following statement from Wishard as to his understanding of the Association's missionary responsibility, and our duty toward this particular missionary movement.

"Mt. Vernon, Iowa,
September 7, 1886.

My dear Ober:

I have been slow in writing you about the correspondence you have had with Mr. Brainerd. So far as I have thought out the matter, my position is this.

I would not condition the movements of the Band by any opinion the Committee may have concerning the relation of the Y.M.C.A. to the development of missionary interest. We are in

a position to turn the Mission Band over to the Committee, to be sent out by it as Studd was, or we can, if the Committee refuses to have anything to do with it, arrange its program ourselves, in a purely advisory way, and let it simply go spontaneously, if at all.

I think it altogether desirable that the International Committee assume the direction of these men officially because it is in my opinion right in line with its past work in the colleges, and because if the Committee does the work it ought to have the credit for it, and because this missionary enterprise will greatly strengthen our efforts in extending the Association work in foreign colleges.

As to the Committee's relation to developing the foreign missionary spirit in colleges; the College Conference at Baltimore recommended this work; in the Constitution there adopted this work was recommended and provided for; the Committee sanctioned the Constitution; the Chairman himself read and approved it; the Committee sent me to three Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance Conventions to head off any attempt to extend that movement to colleges, on the ground that the College Y.M.C.A. carried on the work and was abundantly able to do so.

My discussion of the missionary department of our work has never been criticized by the Committee to my knowledge. It certainly never has been to me personally. I have reported on the missionary department at Committee meetings, and in my reports to the Committee and in my documents, the large and smaller pamphlets. I have organized the Medical Students' Missionary Conferences and the Committee has been represented at these by you, Morse, myself and others. This is the first protest I have ever heard from the Committee on this subject and it comes rather late, in fact, too late.

In addition to these facts, there are in my mind certain strong reasons why it is incumbent upon the Committee to promote this work in colleges.

The Y.M.C.A. was founded in a number of colleges upon old Missionary Societies. We have no right to destroy their missionary work. Our work exists to promote the spiritual condition of young men, and nothing apart from Bible study conduces to their growth in grace like the development of missionary interest. In fact, this is inseparable from true Christian culture. We have no right to limit our work for young men to any country, and the mis-

sionary work of the Association is the only means for accomplishing this larger work.

It will not do to have a distinct organization for this purpose. Colleges are becoming overrun with organizations now. There must be concentrated effort.

This in the main is the position in which my nine years in the college work have fixed me. I don't think I shall attempt the discussion of this matter in writing. It is too great. I must talk with the Committee and will have the opportunity of so doing in a few weeks. I don't clearly understand Mr. Brainerd's attitude. He seems to be inquiring, investigating, and does not clearly express his opinion. I shall write him or Webster (Chairman of College Sub-Committee) soon and ask that discussion of the matter be deferred until I see them.

As ever yours,

L. D. WISHARD.

Wishard saw the chairman and satisfied his questioning; Wilder saw our point of view and joined us in developing the missionary recruiting movement as a responsibility of the student Associations; and Mott saw the program through for thirty-one years, as chairman of the Student Volunteer Executive Committee and general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation.

The movement that started at Jerusalem on "the day of Pentecost," had to go on to Samaria, to Antioch, to Ephesus, to Philippi, to Corinth, to Athens, to Rome, to London, to America, and then, turning eastward, in the program of modern missions, to sweep on "to the uttermost parts of the earth."

CHAPTER X

A GUSHER UNCONFINED

The missionary revival beginning at the Mount Hermon Students' Conference in July, 1886, extended throughout the American and Canadian colleges and stimulated missionary interest also in city Associations and State and International Association Conventions.

In the college year of 1886-87, Robert Wilder in his tour among the colleges incidentally kindled missionary fires in the Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, New York City, and other city Associations. In the Minneapolis Association a missionary fund was raised beginning with Mr. Wilder's visit, and at the Minnesota State Convention in October, 1887, the Association missionary proposition was endorsed. I was present at this Convention and participated in the debate preceding the adoption of the following resolution:

"That the hearty approval of this Convention be accorded to the endeavor made by the Associations to promote Missionary Work among young men in foreign lands, and to the action of the State Committee in this regard."

In the latter part of 1888, Luther D. Wishard, senior student secretary of the Association International Committee, started on his four years missionary tour of inspection and pioneering of the Association work in Japan, China and India, and in May, 1889, the Association International Convention meeting in Philadelphia adopted resolutions including the following:

"The interest taken by the delegates at the Associations' World Conference at Stockholm in 1888, in the Association work for young men in other lands, resulted in distinct action in favor of a

visit of inquiry and investigation in Japan, India and other countries, and Mr. Wishard, the first college secretary of this Committee, was granted leave of absence for an indefinite period to prosecute this investigation and inquiry as the representative of the Central International Committee.

* * * * *

"The Committee is aware of the great interest which has been taken by the Associations in this foreign missionary work, and the disposition which they have exhibited to contribute money for its prosecution. But the Committee is not yet in possession of information justifying it in making definite recommendations. It is not advised of the existence of more than four places where such work could probably be now prosecuted with success, or where, it would feel justified in sending secretaries. What may be developed in the course of Mr. Wishard's tour remains yet to be disclosed.

* * * * *

"The Committee feels that there should be action by the Convention directing some representative authority to follow the reports that may come from Mr. Wishard, to gather all information that may be obtainable, to determine when and where the young men may be employed and to receive and expend the monies which may be contributed through the various Associations.

* * * * *

"What this movement may eventually exhibit no one can tell; but it may be entered upon cautiously, prayerfully, and with the highest hope."

While this new missionary program of the American and Canadian Young Men's Christian Associations was in its "twilight zone," the missionary fire broke out in Kansas, or to use the metaphor introducing the preceding chapter, a "gusher" or "movement" developed that, for lack of a clearly defined Association missionary policy and objective, threatened to sweep everything Associational before it in Kansas and in some of the adjacent States.

The Kansas Association State Convention was to be held in Topeka in October of 1889 and "Circular No.

13" of the State Committee carried the following message from the Chairman of the State Committee:

"The Sons of Kansas have heard the Macedonian cry and the Missionary Spirit is abroad in the land.

"No movement since the organization of the State Work has grown so rapidly, and none has arisen so replete with prophesies of good and opportunities for service.

"How the greatest benefit may result, both to the young men of our State and to those of foreign lands as well, should engage our thought and prayers.

"The fact that a number of our active workers have decided to be the Pioneers—to prepare the way for the carrying of the Gospel Tidings to densely populated and benighted Africa—will at once form such a tie between the two fields of Christian labor as could never have been otherwise established. The needs of "Every Creature" upon us cannot longer be ignored. It is sincerely believed that in the new life given to the work in foreign fields, our local Associations and all followers of the Lord will be revived and that more young men will be saved at home as the direct result of the devotion displayed by those of our number who enter the almost unknown and forbidding region of the Soudan.

JAMES D. HUSTED,
Chairman."

In this circular, the State Committee reported its meeting of July 10th and the following resolution concerning the new missionary movement:

"RESOLVED, That the State Executive Committee approves the appointment of Missionary Committees by Local Associations for the purpose of aiding the Soudan Pioneer Missionary Movement, or other pioneer missionary enterprises."

The Association state secretary of Kansas, George S. Fisher, was a man of marked ability, personality, and zeal, and under his leadership the Association State Committee in Kansas employed a larger staff of secretaries and, at the Topeka State Convention in 1889, raised more money for state work than any other State in the country.

The sending out by the Kansas State Committee of pioneer general missionaries to the Soudan was so contrary to Association policy and the Associations' understanding with the churches as to their distinctive work for young men, that a great deal of apprehension was awakened and the International Committee requested and held a joint meeting with the Kansas State Committee in Topeka in September, 1890, to talk the matter over.

Mr. Fisher believed that this missionary movement, beginning with the Kansas Associations should be extended to the Association of other States, particularly those adjacent to Kansas, and a limited constituency was enlisted by him in these States, including Nebraska and Minnesota.

I attended the Minnesota State Convention in Duluth in 1889 and there met Mr. Fisher and Dr. Guinness of the Soudan Mission. My work in Nebraska and my attendance at the Texas and Arkansas State Conventions in 1890 also enabled me to appraise the Kansas Missionary Movement in its impact on those groups of Associations. Mr. Fisher also called a Missionary Conference in Indianapolis in early September, 1890, in the hope of interesting and enlisting a still wider constituency in the principles and methods of the Kansas Movement. This conference, however, was poorly attended, and its outcome was very disappointing to Mr. Fisher.

At the Association Employed Officers' Conference in Nashville, Tenn., in June of 1890, "The Young Men's Christian Association and Foreign Missions" was a leading topic, in which not only the Association's distinctive missionary responsibility but also its very definite limitatons were clearly outlined.

The following letter from Mr. R. C. Morse, general secretary of the International Committee, to Mr. D. A. Budge, general secretary of the Montreal Association, states very fairly the situation as it existed at that time:

April 2nd, 1890.

Mr. D. A. Budge,
Montreal, Que.

My dear Friend:—

I want to thank you for the reading of the enclosed letter. I think our friend in Kansas is in perfect sympathy with us, and we with him, as to the extension of the Kingdom; and the importance of our carrying out, each to the limit of his ability, the last command and commission of our Lord as given in the last chapter of Matthew.

We are all agreed in desire and prayer and I hope in conscientious Christian effort toward that end. But each one of us has his individual limitations as to means and methods, limitations which each one must settle for himself conscientiously, with such light as comes from the Word and from the Spirit. Then each organization to whom this command comes, whether it be a church or a Young Men's Christian Association, has *its* limitations, more numerous and limiting than those which we find as individuals,—limitations which no one of us as individuals can either prescribe or disregard. We can only discover them by concerted consultation and action with our brethren.

Now the church has certain limitations, and the Association certain other limitations. With the latter we are of course chiefly concerned in our relations with brother Fisher. These limitations narrow our activity to work for young men in subordination to our relations to the churches, and in co-operation with the church agencies. These limitations we have together in Convention and in our individual Associations conscientiously and prayerfully assigned, and we are conscientiously bound to act within them as long as we continue to act as members and agents of the Associations.

Now this whole subject of Association limitations does not seem to enter into the mind or have any standing in the conscience of our good brother Fisher. He insists on dealing only in the most vague and general way with the question of Association obliga-

tion. So far as I can see he does not seem to be aware that in becoming a member of the Association, and an agent of it, he has placed himself under any limitations of conduct and agency in regard to foreign mission work.

In attending the Kansas Convention last October, and in meeting with the Kansas State Committee, I was impressed with the fact that by means of his strong personality and influence he had impressed this feeling of freedom from and disregard of our limitations to work for young men within Association constitutional bounds upon his associates in Committee and Convention. But when in open Convention I appealed to the 900 Kansas delegates to respect the understanding and tacit compact between the Associations and the churches, they responded to that appeal, and brother Fisher yielded the technical point asked for; but I fear not in the spirit in which the Convention at the moment yielded.

I will not set down the particulars in this letter. But enclose a communication which I think you will be interested in reading, setting forth as clearly as I can the action taken at the Kansas Convention. Please return it when you have read it.

Now last October there appeared to be some danger that the influence of the Kansas Secretary might carry the Nebraska and Minnesota brethren. But at the Conventions in those States the movement in that direction was arrested, and ever since the tide has gone the other way; and now it may be fairly said that in Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, and Texas there is no danger of the spread of the irregularities prevailing in Kansas, and I firmly believe that the tide will set the other way in that State very soon.

I am not writing to you as an alarmist in any sense. I am quite sure that our good brother Fisher is right at heart; and these errors, if we may call them such, are errors of youth and inexperience, and of excessive enthusiasm in good work, which time and information and brotherly patience on our part will correct. Only you are one of us older brethren who will be glad, I know, to be posted on this latest aberration. You have seen many others of a somewhat different sort come and go in years past. But the foundations have remained firm and strong, as I believe they are now.

Very sincerely and affectionately your old friend,

RICHARD C. MORSE.

Mr. Morse, "incurable optimist" that he was, took a more sanguine view of developments with Mr. Fisher and his views on the Missionary Movement, than "time, information and brotherly patience" on the part of Mr. Fisher's Association brethren were able ultimately to correct.

A year later, April 15, 1891, the breach between the Kansas movement and the Association having widened in the meantime, Mr. Robert Weidensall, veteran secretary of the International Committee, in his report of an interview with Mr. Fisher included the following statement:

"I had a two and a half hours' interview with Mr. Fisher. He justified his missionary movement and proposed to continue it, also a greater independency of the churches and the complete separation from the International Committee, as far as friendly alliance with it is concerned. Besides this he admitted, as he had published in his report, that he proposed to do Sunday School work as a part of their plan, as well as more general missionary work.

"The action of Mr. Sweet, Husted, etc., in leaving the State Committee, also the action of Gemmell, McDonald, Hillyer, Boullard, and Eldridge in leaving the Topeka Board will result in the downfall of the present manner of handling the State and City work.

"The collapse will come speedily and very much surprise them. When it does come I think it will very effectually settle the Fisher (Kansas) movement. Almost everybody I meet, minister or layman, of whatever kind, holds the same opinion about this whole matter. Of course they have a following; it were folly to suppose that they did not. But it is not the kind of following that will stand when the real crisis comes."

Weidensall's prophecy was fulfilled. In the Kansas State Convention of 1891 Fisher realized that he had lost his following and in a few weeks he withdrew from the state secretaryship.

The spirit of the Kansas Missionary Movement was the spirit of missions and of the martyrs. The Kansas

pioneer missionaries to the Soudan went out into a fever haunted jungle, not counting their lives as dear unto themselves, that they might witness for Christ to the neglected millions of the Soudan, but their service was short as most of them succumbed to fever within a few months of their arrival.

The method of the movement was unwise and calculated to divide rather than unite the home Associations and churches and the leadership of the movement was too autocratic. This was apparent not only to Mr. Morse, Mr. Weidensall and other Association and church leaders, but to Mr. Fisher's own associates in the state and local Association work in Kansas. Consequently the movement became more of a menace than an inspiration and disappeared like a river lost in the sand.

How different might it have been, and what a mighty contribution might it have made to the forward movement of the Associations and the churches, if Fisher had possessed the sanity and team work ability of a Wilder, a Speer, a Brockman, a Wishard, or a Mott; and if this truly spiritual movement could have been harnessed to the constructive and abiding forces of the Associations and the churches.

CHAPTER XI

STRATEGIC RETREATS

As we came up to the Northfield Students' Summer Conference of 1889, the student Association movement was facing a crisis of opportunity. I was senior student secretary and Mott was my associate and chairman of the Student Volunteer Executive Committee. Wishard was in Japan where on the same dates as those of the Northfield Conference he was conducting a similar conference for Japanese students, following his remarkable campaign of evangelism in the Japanese universities and colleges.

"The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions" had been organized as a going concern and Wilder was at Northfield fresh from his constructive second year's campaign in the colleges, and Robert E. Speer, just graduated from Princeton, was ready to carry forward this missionary recruiting campaign for another year.

The foreign work of the American and Canadian Young Men's Christian Associations had just been created by action of the Association International Convention in Philadelphia two months before and three months later was to send out its first two foreign missionary secretaries to Japan and India.

Country-wide programs of Bible study and evangelism had been projected in the American and Canadian colleges and S. M. Sayford had been secured to give his entire time to special religious work among college students. Clarence H. Lee, a recent Cornell University graduate, had been added to the college work staff as office secretary, and Frank K. Sanders of Yale was giving half time as editor of "*The Intercollegian.*"

At this Northfield Conference there were 430 student delegates from 126 colleges, including twenty Japanese students in American colleges and representatives from the six leading British universities.

This, in brief, was the situation in the summer of 1889. We were up against it, and "it" was bigger than we were and so we called a retreat and fell back on our reserves. The retreat was held on Baker's Island about two miles off the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay in the third week in September, of 1889. There were just a handful of us, in fact, you could count us on the fingers of one hand, Ober, Mott, Lee and Sayford.

Baker's Island possesses a lighthouse, a pilot and his shack, a colony of summer cottagers, a splendid isolation —and a few effluents. I think I hear a pessimist rising to object that an island can have no effluents. In this case, however, the pessimist would be mistaken, for Baker's Island is an exception, and then, too, our party were all optimists. In mid-September, 1889, the summer cottagers were gone and Baker's Island sheltered the light-keeper and his family, the old pilot, a lobster-catcher and our little group of optimists, who had come there to see if a way could not be found of accomplishing the impossible. There were so many things to be done and so few men to do them, that the most strategic step forward seemed to be a retreat. We hoped to get far enough away from our work to give ourselves unhurriedly to an appraisal of our resources in God and to think through with Him the plan of the campaign.

The environment was unexpectedly stimulating to such an inquiry, for immediately after our arrival an "equinoctial storm" burst and raged for two days with unprecedented fury, and in the midst of the storm, the old pilot, sighting a storm beaten vessel in the offing and taking

Baker's Island, from "The Old North Shore"

his life in both hands, rowed out to meet her in his small boat, while the optimists, notwithstanding their optimism, doubted whether his boat could live in such a storm. But the old pilot, and his father before him, and his grandfather before his father, had been guarding the entrance to Salem Harbor for more than one hundred years and a storm like this, an obstacle, to be sure, and dangerous, of course, was only an incident in his day's work and an obstacle that he was there to overcome.

The hope that led us to Baker's Island was not disappointed; springs were opened that have since become rivers, and the discerning historian, looking back on the periods of the early leaders of the American Association student movement, would doubtless trace some of its most important achievements to the clearer vision of their problems, the deeper appreciation of their resources and the renewed courage for their tasks, that this little handful of secretaries found in their days of fellowship, conference and prayer on Baker's Island.

Another retreat conference, or rather, series of conferences, was held a few months later at Asheville, Chicago and Albany for the coaching of undergraduate leaders from the college associations in the South, the West and the East. The suggestion of these conferences and of the work which the potential leaders who came to these conferences for training accomplished, was one of the results of our retreat on Baker's Island. As we reviewed the student Association field, its needs, opportunities and resources, we thought of the little group of student leaders in almost every student Association, and we said, "Why not select the best of these men, two or four in each State, gather them in three-day training conferences in different sections of the country and send them as deputations, two by two, to the colleges of their States to do

what we as traveling student Association secretaries would do, if we had enough men and time personally to visit all the colleges?" To ask the question was to answer it and the result was the "Student Deputation" and the "Student Deputation Conferences". The men were to give from five to eight week-ends, without financial compensation, and we were to select and train the men and raise the money in each State for the expenses and direct the work.

The plan worked very well, about seventy selected men attended the three conferences, the work accomplished by these men in their visitation of the colleges was, on the whole, very satisfactory and perhaps equally or more important was the effect of the training and the doing of the work on the men themselves, in the discovery of latent powers of leadership and the developing of only partially suspected capacities for service.

History seemed to repeat itself. Again the seventy went out two by two, and "the seventy returned again with joy, saying, 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name.' " Mott and I each gave probably about three months of our time that first student deputation year to the selection of the men, the raising of the money and the preparation for and conduct of the three training conferences, but we set seventy men at work who gave, without pay, twenty months to the work and we were satisfied that we had made large dividends on the investment of our time.

When I responded to "the call of the colleges" I supposed that I was effectually closing my ears to "the cry of the city." Wishard had talked to me about nothing but "college work." He was the "college secretary" of the International Committee and I was to be his "associate", but when the official call from the International Committee reached me it was "to become a secretary of

First College Students' Deputation Training Conference, Asheville, N. C., Feb. 1890. Second man from left, upper row, Fletcher Brockman, (then Junior in Vanderbilt University). Second, third and fourth, lower row, Andersen, Mott and Ober.

the International Committee, *with special reference* to the college work."

I did not, at first, attach any particular significance to the phrase "with special reference," as I did not care what they called me so long as they gave me right of way to do the work for which I had given up the attractive field for general Association work in Massachusetts. I began my new work on January 1, 1885, and for the first half of that first year I had right of way in the colleges, including a three months' tour through the colleges of the South.

In Jackson, Tennessee, I found a small city Association flying a flag of distress. The general secretary, Atha T. Jamison, had done a splendid work; he was a young chap; this was his first field and it looked as if he was going down with the ship. I saw that this was unnecessary and I needed no special instructions from the International Committee to turn aside from my work in the colleges and give a week of my time to getting his little ship off the rocks. It was just the raising of about a thousand dollars, putting new heart into the community and a new backbone into the Board of Directors and no one was happier than I was over the outcome.

Not many months after my Jackson, Tennessee, experience, I was visiting the colleges of Minnesota and went to Winona, Minnesota, to see about organizing a student Association in the State Normal School. Walking along the main street of the city, I was startled to see a sign conspicuously displayed, *"Y.M.C.A. Saloon."* It was about the middle of the forenoon and the Scripture injunction to "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," gave me time to act on the impulse of the moment. I stopped the first man I met and asked him, "Who are your best Christian business men here?" He said "Laird and Norton, lumbermen, and Mr. Hayes in the same office

are Christians and they are the best business men in the city." I went straight to their office and asked them what they meant by letting a contemptible saloon keeper trail the name of a great Christian organization in the dust. They had no defense except that of a semi-alibi; they supposed that as there was no Young Men's Christian Association in Winona, no one felt particularly responsible for protecting its good name. I said, "Gentlemen, that is no excuse, why don't you *have* an Association and preempt the ground with a work that ultimately will put the saloons out of commission, or at least prevent their doing business under the Y.M.C.A. name?" They were humble and teachable and before I left their office I had arranged for a conference of their best citizens in one of their homes and for them to get the State Committee and state secretary to meet them for the purpose of organizing an Association. The plan went through successfully, a good Association was organized and has had a continuous existence since. Mr. Hayes became its first president and held that position with conspicuous fidelity until his death many years later.

The Association state work of Indiana was in trouble. They had been without a state secretary for a year and their former state secretary, Dr. Munhall, an evangelist of marked ability, had followed the example of Mr. Sayford of Massachusetts and of Mr. D. L. Moody, of the Chicago Association, in swinging out into general evangelistic work. My experience in helping to reorganize the state work in Massachusetts out of a general evangelistic program suggested to our Chairman, Mr. Brainerd, that I could be of assistance to the Association work in Indiana, and, in an unguarded moment, I yielded and undertook to see the thing through to Association solvency. The path to this goal led me through four annual state conventions, the reorganization of the Association

The First Scout and the First Three Leaders of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association Movement

Robert Weidensall, 1870-1877. Luther D. Wishard, 1877-1888. Charles K. Ober, 1885-1890. John R Mott, 1888-1915.

in four cities, the organization of two new city Associations and, after a period of experimentation, the securing of E. E. Stacy as state secretary, who continued in that position, in which he rendered most efficient service, for over thirty-five years. The cry of the city had been officially hushed, but it could not be entirely ignored.

Then came four busy, happy years, heading up in, and proceeding out from, the Northfield Students' Conferences of '87, '88, '89 and '90, Moody, Drummond, Wilder, Speer, Wishard and Mott co-operating. The British universities sent delegates to Northfield, Wishard went out and had his triumphal procession through Japan, Mott came in and gradually accepted responsibility for the student work, Weidensall, Cree and Watkins weakened under the strain of the general field work and —there it is again!

For the summer of 1890, we planned three students' conferences at Northfield, Mass., Chautauqua, N. Y., and Lake Geneva, Wis. The conference at Chautauqua was held in connection with the regular session of the Chautauqua Assembly, was overshadowed by it and had a very small attendance of students. It became evident soon after the opening of this conference that it did not have the elements of permanency and that we could double up some of the work and shorten the period of the conference, which we did and got away several days earlier than we had expected.

Mott and I roomed together and exchanged confidences when we should have been sleeping. It was just as old President Tuttle of Wabash College said it would be. Another delegate and I were entertained in the president's home and when it came time to retire our host presented us with two hand lamps (this was before the day of the electric light, at least in that part of Indiana). "I

have two prophet's chambers," the Doctor said, "the reason why I have two is that, if I put the prophets together, they will prophesy till morning."

Mott told me of his deepening appreciation of the college work and of two calls that had recently come to him to other important and attractive fields in Christian work; I told Mott of my growing concern for the city and state Association work in America, especially in view of Robert Weidensall's impaired health, and my conviction that some one ought immediately to grapple with this department of the International Committee work and in a different way than, up to that time, it had been possible to handle it, with the city and state work problems of the entire field centering at the New York office. In regard to the two other doors that were opening to him, I told Mott that if he wanted a man-sized job, he need not look any further than his present work and that I would welcome any adjustment that would give it to him.

We could not see far enough into our twin problem to enable us to reach definite conclusions at Chautauqua, and so we retreated to Niagara Falls, having wired Richard C. Morse, the wise man, counsellor, coordinator and unifier of the American Association movement, to join us for a day's conference. The outcome of our triangular conference at Niagara was that I was able to "read my title clear" into "the general field work" of the International Committee, and Mott to read his into "the college work."

The cry of the city had finally prevailed over the call of the colleges, but not until I had satisfied the reason for my turning aside to heed the call. The Student Volunteer Movement had been organized and, to use Mr. Morse's favorite term, "domesticated" in the responsibilities of the College Associations; the Students' Summer

Conference was that summer to hold its fifth session in the East and to reproduce itself in the West; the program of the training of undergraduate student Association leaders had been inaugurated in the deputation training conferences; Mott was now identified with the student Association movement for something more than an experiment, and I had made connection with my next Association responsibility, the general field work of the International Committee "in the very nick of time." It was my time to move on.

CHAPTER XII

WEIDENSALL

Robert Weidensall was the "father" of several main lines of the Association work, but his personality was even greater than his record of achievement and he was therefore in Association circles familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Robert".

When I retired from the college work to enter the general field work of the International Committee, I was feeling the strain of eight years of strenuous programs in the city, state and student work and requested and obtained from the International Committee a six months' leave of absence before taking up my new responsibilities.

Unfortunately, however, the Committee were just then facing an accumulation of emergency situations in the city and state work throughout the country, while at the same time two of the four men engaged in the general field work of the Committee, Weidensall and Cree, were in poor health and a third, Watkins, had recently resigned his position to enter business.

This accumulation of major field problems coincident with the reduction of the field staff, put a very heavy load on Mr. Morse and Mr. Brainerd and they were anxious to have me come to their relief as soon as possible. Their anxiety was so apparent and some of the problems in the field were so urgent, that I was led to cancel my plans for a leave of absence and put myself immediately at their service.

The above situation is reflected in the following excerpt of a letter to me from Mr. Morse at that time.

The International Committee of
Young Men's Christian Associations,
Office of the General Secretary,
139 East 18th Street, Shelter Island,
New York City. August 29, 1890.

Dear Charles:

Yours of 22nd duly received. I had no thought that you were 'proposing any change' from the six months' leave of absence. Such proposition came from the chairman in the form of an expression to me of his conviction that there was great urgency in the call of the work upon your immediate service.

I doubt, however, whether this solicitude of his, shared as it will be by the Committee, will take the form of 'reconsidering the Committee's action in giving the leave of absence.' Still I have no right to speak for the Committee. . . .

Affectionately yours,

R. C. Morse.

My first engagements were in Omaha and Lincoln, Neb. The Omaha Association in their fine new building with a $75,000 mortgage and $15,000 floating debt, rapidly increasing, had notified the International Committee that, unless immediate help could be given by the Committee, the Association would be obliged to close its doors. The Lincoln Association had a new building about eighty per cent. completed, which it was unable to finish and was in danger of losing. The two situations required fully two months of my time, but yielded to treatment and threatened disasters were averted for a season.

But, what does this have to do with Weidensall? Simply by way of introduction—Weidensall was then to become my "patron saint", as I had just rounded my Cape of Good Hope and was about to cruise in his ocean. Weidensall's home was in Eastern Nebraska, not far from Omaha, and I had hoped while in the State to have opportunity for several unhurried conferences with him, to "sit at his feet", get his point of view, method of ap-

proach and secret of success in dealing with general field problems and building for the greater future.

Weidensall, however, was out of the State, recuperating at Colorado Springs, so I went to Colorado and spent a week-end with him. The old war horse did not consider himself a sick man by any means, and had accepted the invitation from the pastor of a leading church to speak at his Sunday morning service, reminding me of the testimony of the man who said that he felt "like a war horse in the vineyard of the Lord". He spoke from the text "My Father worketh hitherto and I work", gave a powerful address and incidentally suggested to me one of the secrets of the achieving power of his remarkable career.

Robert Weidensall, however, was not merely a worker. He was a statesman and an empire builder, a forward-looking man, without Mr. Morse's diplomacy, but, I think, seeing farther into the future than Mr. Morse, yet erring, if at all, in sometimes working for the future more than for the present. But his very guilelessness was an asset, giving him the entree to delicate and difficult situations that otherwise might have been closed to his helpful ministry.

Weidensall did so many good things and did them so well that it is difficult to decide which of these was his most important work. He would have achieved immortality through any one of them. Perhaps it is not necessary to make comparisons; their relative importance will depend on the point of view of the one who makes the appraisal. I think that, with Robert himself, the time element loomed large. It was important, of course, that he grappled with a new and promising Association situation, set it on its feet, started it on its way and saw it through to a successful demonstration, but what gave

Robert the greatest and most abiding satisfaction was not that he saw the thing *through* but that he saw it *first*.

One of the worth-while things that he had to do with in its initial stages was the "Association Employed Officers' Conference" which he always believed was his child. Doubtless he had thought about it and possibly he had talked about it before it actually came into being, but, unfortunately, he was not present when it was born, in the cabin of a boat on the Potomac River, when a party of Association secretaries, attending the Washington International Convention in 1871, were on their way to, or from, a visit to Washington's former home at Mount Vernon.

About twenty years after, when the Conference had grown into recognition as quite an important Association agency, Weidensall was given the floor, at his request, in a largely attended session, to tell what he knew about the origin of the Conference. The burden of his argument, for such it was, was to show that what happened "on the boat" was a mere incident and of little importance. The really important thing was what occurred *before* and concerning which he was a witness and, if the truth must be known, the perpetrator. The session was late, other important matters were pressing, Mr. Weidensall was willing to carry the discussion further, when C. B. Willis, general secretary of the Milwaukee Association (I think it was Willis) got up and said: "Mr. Chairman, I move that Robert was on the boat." The vote on Willis' motion was not taken and to this day the question of the origin of the conference remains unsettled.

In the incident to which we have just referred the laugh was certainly on Weidensall, but let us not infer that therefore he was mistaken. It is quite probable

that he did see it first, for about the time referred to he saw and reported, years in advance of the Association wise men of his day and generation, the vision of an Association training agency of much greater importance than the Employed Officers' Conference.

At the Lowell International Convention in 1872, one year after the incident "on the boat", we find Mr. Weidensall suggesting the Association College for the training of secretaries.

"I would just like to throw out two hints in regard to this question. For a general secretary, it is necessary that he understand his calling; he should understand it thoroughly. I consider that it should be made a profession. The Associations must institute schools; must get men as professors who undertand this institution from beginning to end. Then let the general secretaries in different parts of the country send young men to these schools in a city where they may be brought, in theory as well as in practice, to understand what the Young Men's Christian Associations are . . . . Another idea is that there is a misunderstanding all through this country on the subject of the Associations. The Associations in New York have one way, in Philadelphia another, in Cincinnati another, according to local training and opinions. The training of young men from this institution would be uniform."

I first met Weidensall early in my first year in Association work. He was then looking for a secretary for the Kansas City Association. I was not ready to consider a call to this field but I thought that a man who could carry around a big city like Kansas City in his vest pocket was a pretty big man. I afterwards learned that this was one of the least of his responsibilities.

Robert Weidensall was a great character, of the farmer-engineer-explorer-pioneer type, thinking in terms of cities, states, sections of a continent and strata of society, seeing things that were invisible to most men and counting things that are not (yet) as though they were. He had the gift of prophecy, combined with common sense

and, notwithstanding his visions, accomplished a marvelous life work in the realm of the realities.

He was fascinating in conversation, especially when he gave rein to his fancy, and could make one see great areas of opportunity, as if the whole country, from coast to coast and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, were underlaid with rich veins and pockets of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold, waiting for the prospector. He did open some rich prospects and worked them with rare patience and persistence until they became a part of our common Association inheritance; witness the railroad work, the state work, the town and country work, the early student work, and the training of Association secretaries.

Weidensall was the first employed officer of the International Committee, beginning his work in 1868. He took about five years to explore his field and to start and strengthen local Associations in cities, towns, and colleges, chiefly in the West. In 1870, at the Indianapolis International Convention, Weidensall was greatly impressed with the already existing Association work in colleges, took seriously the Convention's resolution favoring such work and in about five years following visited thirty-seven colleges, organizing new Associations in twenty-four of them. When his other absorbing work prevented his further work in colleges, he wrote a letter to the Association *Watchman* for its issue of January, 1877, advocating that the International Committee be given the means to place a student secretary in the field. Incidentally, therefore, and along the pathway of his more general Association work, Weidensall pioneered the student work and prepared the way for Wishard and the Intercollegiate Association Movement.

At the Poughkeepsie International Convention in 1873, Weidensall heard the report of the new Associa-

tion state work in Pennsylvania, the first State to employ an Association state secretary. That was a year of "financial panic". The International Committee, though its total budget was less than $10,000, had not developed a dependable financial constituency. Mr. Morse and Mr. Weidensall, the Committee's only secretaries at that time, were obliged to go for months without their salaries and there was also no money available for traveling expenses.

Under these circumstances the Committee instructed Mr. Weidensall not to go far afield but to confine his work to the States of Illinois and Indiana, in which Weidensall reports that his work "did not consist so much in forming new societies, or even in visiting those already organized (for I had not the means to travel), but in developing a mutual interest on the part of all the Associations for each other, in provoking them to more positive and definite work in the salvation of souls, especially young men, and in securing more effective state organizations." State Conventions were arranged for and attended by Weidensall in both States and in Illinois also two District Conventions. The State Conventions were also attended by Mr. Morse.

This was the beginning of Mr. Weidensall's remarkable program of Association state work building in eleven States in the West and South, continuing through a period of nearly twenty years.

That Weidensall was aware of the strategic importance of his work may be inferred from a paragraph in his report to the Toronto International Convention in 1876:

"Of the six States which have especially constituted our Western field, not one of them had an efficient State organization four years ago. Now Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota are well organized. When Iowa secures a state secretary, which will in all probability be done next year, there will be a belt of States from the

Atlantic Seaboard to the Missouri River with secretaries in the field. The direct influence of the work accomplished by the secretaries in these Central states will hasten the employment of such men by the adjacent states, North and South."

But Weidensall saw another vision about this time that was more original with him than that of the state work and required a much longer time for its demonstration and domestication in the scheme of the Association work. In the season of 1873-74, when the two secretaries of the International Committee "had not the means to travel" widely and Weidensall therefore was confining his work to the two States of Indiana and Illinois, he visited and promoted Association work in small towns as well as cities and colleges and worked up and held two "District", practically County, conventions, in Illinois. Concerning the country Association in Dupage, Ill., Weidensall reports:

"It has demonstrated the fact that no Christian organization can work as effectually in a country district as a Young Men's Christian Association. . . . It has opened the newest and most promising field for Association work. There are in Illinois hundreds of townships like Dupage and, with the blessing of God, we are determined to establish Young Men's Christian Associations in every one of them."

The next year, 1875, Weidensall returned to Mason County, Illinois, where one of the two district conventions had been held the year before. He visited five places, none with more than 1,000 inhabitants, and "it was determined to hold a convention in April of all the Associations in the county, to form a county organization." We have here, in the report of his experiences with the Dupage township and Mason County Associations, Weidensall's first vision of the Town and Country Association work, which he later formulated into his plan of "The Association County Work with the County Secretary".

The Association leaders, however, with their hands and heads full of new and rapidly growing enterprises in the city, college, railroad, state and other forms of Association work, were not then ready to listen to Weidensall's plea for "The County Work with the County Secretary". So he pondered these things in his heart and waited for the favorable time to advocate them.

Fifteen years later, at the Association Employed Officers' Conference at Orange, N. J., in 1889, Weidensall was given opportunity to present this work to the Association leaders—and *they laughed.*

Then, grieved, but not discouraged, Weidensall girded himself for another fourteen years, though then "on the retired list," making some demonstrations of this work in the meantime, with the co-operation of several of the State Committees, until in 1903, he presented his plan to the Annual Meeting of the International Committee and secretaries, made his case, raised the money for the first year's budget, found his man, and had the great satisfaction of seeing his vision materialize in the shape of a "full fledged" department of the International Committee's work with an employed secretary to promote it throughout the country.

Weidensall's place in Association history, therefore, is not with the dreamers, but with the doers. It is true that he saw things, but he also sometimes saw them through.

CHAPTER XIII

SOUTHWARD AYE

"Like who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast,
Loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we sped."
—*Ancient Mariner*

It was not a new or a foreign country to me. I had been there before, cruising through the Southern colleges, from Maryland to Mississippi, but this time I was to camp on the trail and not come away until someone was ready to take my place and carry on.

Up to this time, every cry of Association distress must register at New York, and the relief expedition, if sent, might, or might not, be familiar with the territory or with the historical and psychological problems presented for solution.

Then, too, why not anticipate emergencies and build constructively rather than wait for disaster which neglect is sure to bring? Why not, also, discover, develop and more largely utilize the resident or regional resources in leadership and organization, then only slightly evident in Southern cities, colleges and state organizations?

The use of the interrogative does not imply doubt. My experience in the New York City Association and in the city and state Association work in Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Nebraska, my appreciation of Robert Weidensall's masterful pioneering in Association city and state work, together with my five and a half years

in the general student work, had given me convictions as to the principles and methods of the Association and suggested the strategy of the campaign.

The campaign was conducted for two years from Atlanta and one year from St. Louis, and when, at the end of the third year, I moved on to Chicago, I left two men, H. P. Andersen in Atlanta and C. L. Gates in Kansas City, to continue what I had begun. I also left a son of the soil, a Georgia boy just graduated from Vanderbilt University, associated with Andersen and Gates, as Southern student secretary, for the extension and development of the Association work in the Southern colleges. I also left a Southern Students' Summer Conference on the Northfield plan, and a Southern Secretarial Institute, as Association light and power plants, which have been running now for thirty-six years and are still going strong.

As I look back from the crest of hill number thirty-six, North, West and East of Dixie, I see two young men coming my way. One of them has a halo and the other has one coming to him. The one with the halo is H. P. Andersen, who has been in heaven now for fifteen years but, like some beautiful sunset, has left a radiant and persistent afterglow. The other, who has earned his halo but who is not yet wearing it, is Fletcher Brockman.

Four and a half years before I went South for this particular service, I visited Dartmouth College, where I selected a committee to cooperate with me in securing delegates, and the money to help send them, to the first Association Students' Summer Conference at Mount Hermon, Mass. The chairman of this committee was the best man in college, H. P. Andersen. I coached him and then sat back in the first meeting of the committee and watched him put the thing across. The way he did it satisfied me that he had what we called secretarial timber.

One incident in particular attracted my attention. One member of the committee was a professor who, in an unguarded moment, suggested that the faculty ought to be given opportunity to subscribe to the fund. Andersen met the suggestion so understandingly and tactfully that almost before the victim knew what was happening he had made a personal subscription of $25 and was appointed chairman of a special sub-committee to solicit subscriptions from other members of the faculty.

The outcome was that Dartmouth was represented at Mt. Hermon by thirteen men and I found an opening for Andersen in the Association work in New York City under McBurney. From there, three years later, he became general secretary of the Asheville, North Carolina, Association, where Mott and I held our first training conference for student deputation men of the South, in the spring of 1890, and from which the Committee called him to take my place as Southern field secretary of the International Committee in 1892. In this position, Andersen rendered a most efficient and statesmanlike service for six years and in 1898 became associate secretary with John R. Mott in relation to the student Association work, the Student Volunteer Movement and the World's Student Christian Federation, which position he held until his death in 1914.

Andersen, like Stonewall Jackson, was of quick intelligence, resourceful, swift in action, dependable and free from egotism. He rejoiced in the truth and in the prosperity of others; his books were balanced as each day's work was done and when he saw the end approaching he waited cheerfully for the sunset gun.

Fletcher Brockman was a junior in Vanderbilt University in the college year 1890-91, when Mott and I were setting up our first year student deputation program. I

was centering in Asheville, North Carolina, for work in the Southern colleges and my wife and little daughter were with me, that is they were staying in Asheville and I visited with them occasionally when not touring among the colleges.

I had arranged for a Student Association Conference at Vanderbilt University which I planned to attend and at which I expected to select a Vanderbilt man for the Middle and West Tennessee college deputation. Four days before the conference date my little daughter was taken seriously ill and it was plainly my duty not to leave her. I therefore arranged by telegram for a man to take my place, as far as possible, on the conference program, but the day before the opening of the Conference the child's symptoms became so favorable that I changed my plans and took the sleeper for Nashville, arriving in time to give an address at the Saturday evening session of the conference, on the significance and scope of the Association movement.

At the close of the session I began my search for the man to serve on the student deputation. The Lord had opened the heart of the best man in the junior class of Vanderbilt to receive my message and I quickly got in touch with him and decided that he was the man I was looking for. So Fletcher Brockman became the leader of the Middle and West Tennessee college deputation that year and did some splendid Association work in the colleges visited. These college deputations throughout the country, South, West and East, made detailed reports of their visits to the colleges to their respective Association State Committees and copies of these reports came to Mott and myself.

A year later when I was centering in Atlanta for the general Association work in the South, Mott having

taken my place as senior college secretary and Brockman being back in Vanderbilt for his senior year, Mott and I, each independently of the other, went through these college deputation reports (there were about sixty of them) to see if we could find evidence that would point to a man for a very important piece of student Association work. Mott wanted a man to succeed Robert E. Speer as traveling secretary, for one year, of the Student Volunteer Movement; I wanted a Southern college man as Association college secretary for the South, and, judging by the reports, both Mott and I picked the same man. Then we decided that the best way to settle it was for the three of us to come together, lay all our cards on the table and let Brockman decide in the light of all the obtainable evidence which of these two things was his open door.

We chose the day following a week-end when Mott was conducting the second Deputation Training Conference at Asheville and I was attending an Association State Convention at Selma, Alabama. Brockman met us at the old Reed House in Chattanooga and we talked the thing through and, of course, prayed about it together. Brockman was so much interested in both propositions that it was hard for him to decide between them. Finally, I said, "Brockman, suppose you were visiting a college where there was no Young Men's Christian Association and where there were no student volunteers for foreign missions and you never expected to be there again and you had time to do only one thing, what would you do, organize a college Young Men's Christian Association, or spend your time in getting student volunteers?" Without hesitation, Brockman replied, "I would organize an Association." "Why?" I asked. "Well," he said, "If I were to spend all my time in getting student volunteers, and then left them with nobody responsible for

them, they would probably all backslide, but if I were to organize a college Association, I would certainly organize one with a missionary department, and the chances are that they would get volunteers of their own."

"Mott," I said, "I think he is my man." And Mott said, "I think he is." And Brockman thought so too and gave six wonderful years of work in the Southern colleges, then, for one year, became traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement in the American colleges and then went to China as a foreign secretary of the International Committee, where for seventeen years he rendered a conspicuous service as one of the great Christian statesmen in China.

Brockman's six years in the Association work in the Southern colleges, with their many and diversified problems and relationships, were a school in state-craft and an indispensable preparation for his greater work in China and, from our present point of view, it looks as if these subsequent developments were an abundant confirmation of the wisdom of the choice that he made that day in the old Reed House in Chattanooga.

The Southern Students' Summer Conference and Southern Secretarial Institute materialized at the close of my two years of field work in the Eastern South. There had been a summer camp of Southern Association secretaries, with recreational, inspirational and institute features, held on Walden's Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, but which for several years had been in what President Cleveland would have called "a state of innocuous desuetude." This camp, or institute owned no land, but did own some equipment which was stored in a safe and inexpensive place.

I had started and developed a student Association conference in East Tennessee and had helped the State Uni-

versity Association secure an Association building on the University campus at Knoxville.

The trustees of the Association were willing to give us the use of the Association building and the trustees of the University to give us the use of the University grounds and buildings for a Southern Students' Summer Conference, only the buildings were unfurnished for dormitory purposes and we would have to raise a fund for furnishing. The amount to be raised would be considerably reduced if we could use the equipment belonging to the moribund Association Institute. I proposed that we revive the Secretarial Institute, hold its sessions in conjunction with the Students' Conference and that the secretaries turn in their equipment toward what was needed to furnish the University buildings for the purposes of our Conference.

After considerable negotiation with the somewhat cautious survivors of the Institute and custodians of its property and good name, my proposal was accepted and we raised the balance of the amount needed for additional equipment, and launched our double barreled enterprise, "the Southern Students' Summer School and Southern Secretarial Institute," holding separate institute sessions but uniting in everything else, including the common "yell," *S.S.S.S.S.S.I. Knoxville.* The ship was launched, with Andersen on quarter deck and Brockman at the helm, and it was a good time for me to move on.

Leaving the Eastern South, I went to St. Louis in the early fall of 1892, for the field work in the Southwest including Texas, the home of the Texas Ranger, the long horn cattle and the Alamo. I had heard that somewhere in Texas there was a tombstone marking the last resting place of a citizen who was "A loving husband, a fond parent and a dead shot." When I arrived in the State,

however, I found the citizens fully civilized and heartily responsive to the Association program in cities and colleges.

After one year in the Southwest I moved on to Chicago, first, however, having secured the appointment, as my successor, of Cecil L. Gates, then an associate secretary in our International Railroad department for work on the Union Pacific system. Gates proved to be "a nail in a sure place," and his place was the field work in the Southwest, the South and again the Southwest, for a period of nearly thirty years. In time of need, we knew just where to find him, and that was at the place of greatest need.

CHAPTER XIV

WESTWARD HO

The South and the Southwest in good hands, or "in *strong* hands", as they used to say in real estate dialect, I naturally gravitated to Chicago for work in the Central West, the near Northwest and on the Pacific Coast. This was in 1893. I had been in the West in the International college work eight years before and not infrequently since. I brought my family with me and we set up our "Lares and Penates" in Evanston and surveyed the situation. The boom period of the eighties had closed with the Baring failure of 1890 and the country-wide financial stringency was then entering its fourth year.

When "times were flush" and men were ultra-hopeful, the spirit of adventure permeating all kinds of business extended to the Association work, as the same men, as a rule, were interested in both; but when the business and financial tide turned, many Association enterprises that had been "taken at the flood" went out with the tide or were stranded "on the rocks".

Among these were a number of Association state organizations and not a few Association building enterprises, especially in the comparatively new cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest.

I remained in the West ten years, meeting emergencies in strategic cities, strengthening Association state organizations, pioneering new departments of Association work and gradually enlarging the staff of resident field secretaries until in 1898, five years after coming to Chicago, Andersen, Gates and myself had been reinforced by W. B. Millar for field work in the East (East of the Alle-

ghanies and North of the Potomac) and C. S. Ward for the Northwest, with resident headquarters at Minneapolis. We also had a secretary, Dr. Charles Eastman, at work among the Sioux Indian young men on the Dakota Reservations.

Not a few of the emergencies we had to meet were financial and equipment problems, but in meeting them the trail invariably led to *a man* who had the key to the combination; it was a problem of personnel.

When I began work at, or rather from, Chicago, my parish was bounded on the East by the Alleghany Mountains, on the South by the Ohio River, and the Northern boundaries of Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, on the North by the Arctic Circle and on the West by the Pacific Ocean. Of course, I could not "cover" the field with any degree of thoroughness, but I could penetrate it and found important work demanding attention as far West as the region "where rolls the Oregon", now called "the Columbia" and "the Willamette". At the junction of these two rivers, since Bryant wrote his immortal ode, had arisen a city, fondly referred to by its loyal inhabitants as "the *queen* city of the Pacific Northwest", Portland, Oregon.

In the latter part of my first year in the Association work, twelve years before my first visit to Portland, I had received a lot of information and attention-compelling correspondence, inviting me to the position of general secretary of the Association there, but I had then only recently entered upon my Association state work in Massachusetts and was not free to consider the call.

In 1895, I found the Portland Association in rented rooms, three blocks beyond the dead line, with an accumulated current expense debt of nearly $10,000 and a general secretary who, though a college graduate and

General Field Staff International Secretaries in middle to late Eighteen-nineties. Left to right, Gates (the South-west), Ward (the West), Ober (General Field), Millar (the East), Andersen (the South).

possessed of many fine qualities, was hopelessly incapable of extricating the Association from its difficulties. His salary was about six months behind and his resignation was in the hands of the Board of Directors, but they were reluctant to act and he did not care to press them. Possibly he was hoping that, in some inexplicable manner, the tide would turn for him. I noted the situation and estimated that the *status quo* might continue six months, but that within a year a change or a catastrophe was inevitable.

About three years before the time to which I have just referred I received a letter from Harry Stone, a young college man in the Association secretaryship, but temporarily unattached, asking me if I would advise him to leave the Association work. I replied that the question was too important for me to try to answer by correspondence, but that if it could wait a few weeks, I expected to be in his part of the country then and would find time to talk the matter over with him. He replied that it could wait and after I had filled my engagement, I took a day off and had an unhurried visit with him. I knew that he had good stuff in him and advised him to wait until I could connect him with a situation worthy of his metal. I connected him with one of the most difficult Association problems in the West at that time, in Sioux City, Iowa, where they had practically lost their new Association building and nearly lost the Association. He "saved the situation" in two years and then told me that he thought that perhaps another man should be found who could come and build on his foundations rather than that he remain for a more extended term of service. Soon after I made a second visit to Portland and found that the full time had arrived to change the *status quo*.

The president of the Association, Mr. Ladd, an Amherst graduate and head of the leading bank in Portland,

invited me to lunch with him at his club and introduced the subject with the question: "What is the matter with this Association?" I replied that I was afraid that he would be offended if I were to tell him just what I thought about it. He assured me that he would not be and I said: "The trouble is that you and other members of the Board of Directors who are successful in your own business are trifling with the Association enterprise, you are subletting the contract to brokendown ministers and clerks and are not giving the Association the same quality of thought that you are giving to your own business." He agreed with my diagnosis and then asked me: "What do you mean by a good Association?" and I told him. He then asked: "How would you go about it to build such an Association in Portland?" I mentioned three essentials, "a *building,* a *program* and a *man,* and the man comes *first.* When the right man is on the field, you and he together will make the program and the community will give you a building to fit it." He asked me if I knew a man who would measure up to the Portland problem and I described three men including Harry Stone. He asked, "Which of these three men is best adapted to the work we will have to do here?" and I answered, "Stone." And so Harry Stone went to Portland in the spring of 1895 and Mr. Ladd stood by him as president of the Association for twenty years or more and they put Portland on the Association map as one of the leading city Associations of the continent; and as I write these lines, in the spring of 1929, Stone is still the general secretary of the Portland Association and is still bringing things to pass in the lives of young men in Portland and throughout the Pacific Northwest.

When Stone went to Portland, I promised him and Mr. Ladd, the president of the Portland Association, that I would stand by and help them put the thing across, in-

cluding the securing of a centrally located property suitable for the prosecution of the modern type of city Association work.

Stone had been in Portland a year, the Association had given up its rented rooms, and opened a temporary office in the business center of the city. It was the year of President McKinley's first election and the political pot was boiling, money was tight and the Association's friends were cautious, to say the least. Stone had good plans and had tried with ability and fine courage to carry them out, but the situation seemed to be deadlocked, and I was reminded of my promise to help.

I was trying to do a continental business on a small capital. I had no reserves banked in Portland and, at first, I felt guilty for having gotten Stone into trouble, from which he might not be able to emerge intact. However, I was ready to do what I could and the first step was to enlist the help of a man who did have influence with influential men in Portland. My headquarters were in Chicago, but they let me visit New York occasionally and while there in the early summer of 1896 I learned that the then chairman of the International Committee, Mr. Frederic B. Pratt, was to spend his summer vacation in Portland. I saw Mr. Pratt and learned that he was very well acquainted with former U. S. Senator Corbett of Portland, president of one of Portland's leading banks and a man of large resources. I asked Mr. Pratt to do what he could to interest and enlist Senator Corbett in our project, which he cheerfully undertook to do.

Mr. Pratt put the Association work so strongly to Senator Corbett, stressing particularly the splendid services of Association laymen like Wm. E. Dodge of New York and Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago, that the Senator in self-defense exclaimed, "Why Mr. Pratt, I am an old man, you can't expect me to do a work in Portland

like that of Mr. Dodge and Mr. McCormick in New York and Chicago."

Then Mr. Pratt reminded him that he had unusual knowledge of business properties in Portland and unusual influence with and access to Portland's strongest business and financial men and that his counsel and cooperation would be invaluable in this crisis in the Association affairs in Portland. Then he said, "Our field secretary, Mr. Ober, is coming to Portland in September to help Mr. Ladd and Mr. Stone put the Association on its feet, and I want you to give him all the time he needs and advise and help all you can in any plan on which you and he, with Mr. Ladd and Mr. Stone, may agree." Senator Corbett promised Mr. Pratt that he certainly would do this.

The Senator, by the way, was a trustee of the Portland Association, but the office was more honorary than onerous. The existence of a Board of Association Trustees in Portland was an evidence not so much of the possession of property as of the faith of the Association that some day it might enter into such possession. Mr. Pratt, therefore, did a great work when he laid the burden of the Association on Senator Corbett and secured his promise to help in this crisis of the Association's affairs in Portland.

On reaching Portland, I found Senator Corbett ready to meet Mr. Ladd, Mr. Stone and myelf in daily conference, twice daily if necessary, to advise concerning possibly available properties and receive the reports of Mr. Stone and myself as to their suitability for the purpose of the Association.

After investigating and turning down a number of properties suggested, we all agreed on a partially improved lot, 100 feet square, in the right location, mortgaged for nearly its value and as the time of the mortgage

was about to expire, the owner was very anxious to sell. Senator Corbett and Mr. Ladd said, "Secure an option immediately." "Immediately" was none too soon, for within thirty minutes of the signing of the option the Wells Fargo Express Company made an offer to buy the property and were willing to pay a higher price than that for which the Association had just secured its option.

The rentals of the stores on the ground floor of the improved half of the property were sufficient to pay the interest on the mortgage, and Mr. Stone and I estimated that, if the mortgage could be renewed or replaced, $50,000 would complete the purchase, build a gymnasium on the rear half of the lot and a broad stairway to offices, social and class rooms on the second floor front, remodel the second floor and meet incidental and contingent expenses.

We reported the plan to Senator Corbett and Mr. Ladd and asked them whether they thought that the community would rise to it at that time. They thought that it would meet with general approval. "Well, Senator, how does it strike *you?* What would *you,* for instance, be willing to contribute toward the $50,000 required to carry out this program." "Well," said the Senator, "I would be willing to give $10,000." "And what would the Ladd estate give, Mr. Ladd?" Mr. Ladd said that he would need to consult the other members of the family which he did without delay and they agreed with him on matching the Senator's subscription. Then we all went to Mr. Failing, president of another Portland bank, and he agreed to give $5,000. So, quickly, on the basis of $50,000 required, one half of the amount needed was "in sight."

Then something else happened. We met in conference to congratulate ourselves on our encouraging progress and to plan for the next steps, when Senator Cor-

bett quietly tossed an innocent looking bomb into our group by remarking, "Of course, you understand that my subscription is conditioned on McKinley's election. If Bryan is elected, we wouldn't need any Y. M. C. Associations, we could not support them, our money wouldn't be worth anything." We tried to reason with him, showing him that the election was six weeks away and our option was only for thirty days, but he was adamant.

That was in the morning. That afternoon there was a funeral in Portland; an old lady had died, a member of the same church with Senator Corbett and Mr. Ladd, and in her will was a bequest of $1,000 to the Portland Young Men's Christian Association and a request that her funeral be conducted under the auspices of the trustees of the Association. Senator Corbett as an Association trustee attended the funeral.

Later that afternoon, I called at the office of Mr. Ross, vice president of the Association, and found that he had just returned from the funeral. He seemed solemnized, and like a man who had just seen a vision. "Ober," he said, "I wish you could have been at that funeral. Dr. Hill (the pastor of the church, who conducted the service for the Association trustees) talked as if he was inspired. First he commented on the very unusual request in the will of this devoted member of the church that her funeral should be under the auspices, not of her church, but of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of her bequest of $1,000 to the Association. Then he said, 'This humble and godly woman was a friend to an institution in our city that just now is very much in need of friends. She loved the Association, she prayed for it and she gave to it in a way altogether disproportionate to her means.' Then the doctor turned to the business men present (including the Senator) and challenged them to take up her burden and carry the Associa-

tion forward to the position in the city that it deserved. I never heard the doctor, or any one else," Mr. Ross said, "talk so straight to a bunch of business men in my life."

That evening, we held another conference with our advisors during which the Senator, without any prompting on our part, said, "I have decided to withdraw the condition I made about my subscription." We thanked him and also "thanked God and took courage."

We talked over the plan of the campaign for raising the other $25,000 of the $50,000 needed and we agreed that it ought to be deferred until after the election, but, "What about this option that expires two weeks before the election? Would there be any risk to anyone in buying this property at the price named in our option?" "No, it could easily be sold for as much or more." Then Mr. Stone and I put it up to Senator Corbett and Mr. Ladd to buy the property for the Association and hold it until such time as the Association could handle it, and this they decided to do.

After the excitement of the election was over, I went back to Portland and helped launch the campaign for the other $25,000, and the Association, under the leadership of Mr. Stone and Mr. Ladd, entered into its great and expanding inheritance of service for the boys and young men of the Portland and the Pacific Northwest.

Thus far, I have told only the human side of the story of the renaissance of the Portland Association. There was another side to it which the casual observer would not be likely to observe.

When I left Chicago for Portland I stopped over Sunday at Grand Forks, North Dakota, where I spoke at an Association meeting in the afternoon and at a church service at night. After the church service some of the Association men came up to tell me that I had not done

them any harm, Joe Clifford, the president, Van Vranken, the secretary, and three others, and I said to them, "Come over to the Association rooms with me for a little while, I have a matter I want to talk over with you."

We went over and chatted a while and then I said to them, "I have asked you to meet me here on serious business. I am going down into the pit, and I need your help." Then I told them about the Association situation in Portland, gave them the dates when I expected to be there and asked them to pray for us, telling them that I had no other solution of the problem and that unless something happened during my visit beyond what I could see or plan for, the Portland Association would probably have to go out of business. Then we spent a little time in prayer together and I took the midnight sleeper for Portland, with the assurance that they would do as I had requested.

In the fall of 1896, the president of the Minneapolis Association called at my office in Chicago and told me that they had "reached the end of their rope." The $50,000 mortgage on the Association building, a very good building for that period and well located, had been foreclosed; they had an additional current expense debt of $15,000, about half of the Board of Directors had died, left the city, or resigned, it was practically impossible to get good men to serve in their place, and they must have help or close the Association in disgrace. I found, on inspection, that conditions were fully as bad as the president had reported and also that the Association, for the sake of "economy" had been running for some time without a general secretary. The man who nominally held that position was practically a clerk and drew a clerk's salary of $1,200 a year. I found also that fully

eleven months remained of the "year of redemption" of the building from the mortgage foreclosure.

I recommended, and the survivors of the directors, trustees and guarantors of the mortgage, canvassed one by one, approved, a plan of campaign that included: Deferring any financial effort until close to the end of the year of redemption; securing immediately a capable general secretary at a salary of $2,500 (equal to $5,000 or $6,000 at the present time), under whose leadership the utmost possible would be done to restore confidence, rehabilitate the Association organization and work and set up a financial campaign, or effort, (the "campaign" as now understood did not then exist) for the last week or ten days of the redemption period; and letting the amount they were to attempt to raise be determined by developments and conditions at the end of the period. The plan looked good to them, but the practical question was: "Have you got the man?" and I had the man.

The man was Charles S. Ward, with whom I had been in negotiation for some months to join me as a member of the general field staff of the International Committee, primarily for work in the Northwest. Ward was a Dartmouth college graduate, then general secretary of the Grand Rapids, Mich., Association and previously of the Association at New Britain, Conn. I had been aware of Ward as "a dark horse" for some time but had not explored him until I arranged to spend a Sunday with him at Grand Rapids and satisfied myself that he had qualities that would find their fullest expression in the general, rather than the local, Association work. I therefore had come to an understanding with him and with the International Committee concerning him, and had arranged to put him in charge of our field work in the Northwest, before the S.O.S. call had come to me from Minneapolis.

He, therefore, had practically severed his connection with Grand Rapids, except for the work of inducting his successor and was waiting, with steam up, for the signal to go. It was only necessary to switch him onto the siding at Minneapolis with the understanding that he was to stay there for a year. Ward did just what we expected he would do. The patient began to sit up and take nourishment and the community gradually began to feel that there was hope of a recovery. Still no one had come forward "beseeching us with much entreaty to receive the gift" that would insure the success of the inevitable financial effort.

As we came toward the end of the year, however, the profile of one man appeared above our horizon as a possible, not probable, deliverer; but, as the element of uncertainty was so great and our margin of safety so small, neither Ward nor I was willing to take chances in approaching him without the strongest possible introduction. I therefore took the matter up with Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago, for many years a member of our International Committee and always ready to render a special service. Mr. McCormick went to Minneapolis, interviewed Mr. D———— and secured his subscription of one-fourth the amount we would need to raise and the assurance of his counsel and cooperation in securing the balance. The rest was easy, that is, it was easy for Ward, who had the ability and the disposition to do it.

Mr. D's counsel and our own judgment agreed that it was impossible to raise more than $25,000 in cash for this project at that time, but Ward put the canvass through swiftly, got the cash in hand and lifted the Association out of its deep financial hole. The current expense debt of $15,000 was paid, $10,000 was paid on the mortgage, and a new mortgage loan of $40,000 at

5 per cent. interest was secured to replace the old mortgage of $50,000 at 6 per cent. A good general secretary was secured, releasing Ward for his general work and twenty years later the Minneapolis Association was able to raise a million dollars for its present Central Building as easily as we then raised $25,000 to save the Association.

After a period of service in the field work in the Northwest, Ward was transferred to the Central West with headquarters at Chicago. Several years later Ward's clear head and strong hand in matters of finance led me to advise that he gradually be released from the work of territorial supervision to specialize on financial work, especially in raising money for Association buildings and in this work he developed the "short term campaign" for raising money which has revolutionized our whole financial problem and ushered in a new era of enlarged Association equipment with correspondingly enlarged Association activities.

CHAPTER XV

THE UTTERMOST PART

Geographically speaking, I have never been a foreign missionary, but I have learned that there are some things more fundamental even than geography.

Mr. D. L. Moody expressed this very well when a student, "right out in meeting," asked him the question, "Mr. Moody, why don't you go out as a foreign missionary?" and he replied, "I had rather be in Africa *with* God, than in Northfield *without* Him."

This has been my preference and as early as 1887, nearly two years before John Swift and David McConaughy, our first two Association missionaries, left New York, respectively, for our Association pioneer mission fields in Japan and India, I purposed in my heart to undertake in Osaka a work similar to what McBurney had done in New York City.

Mr. Richard C. Morse in his book, "My Life with Young Men," writes the following on the beginning of the Association work and opportunity in Japan:

"In the year before the Mt. Hermon Conference, and in addition to calls that came to Wishard from colleges on the foreign field, an appeal had come to me from Osaka, Japan. In this second city of that empire, a band of Christian young men had been led to organize a Young Men's Christian Association. In a communication strongly endorsed by the missionaries, they sent to our Committee in New York and also to the London Association a request for $1,500 from friends in each of these two cities. A similar request for help was sent to Australia. With these gifts they desired to secure an Association building and equipment. Word came to me from London that a favorable response would be sent from there if we also would respond favorably.

"From a few friends I secured the sum needed, while from Australia as well as from London similar help was sent to Osaka.

Soon after one of the American donors, Elbert B. Monroe, was making a layman's missionary journey around the world and arrived at Osaka, toward the close of that year, 1885. On examining the situation he added $1,000 to what he had already given. During the following year, while the Student Volunteer Movement was beginning at Mt. Hermon, the Osaka building was completed and dedicated.

"This was the beginning of a provision for city Association work in Japan—a beginning which could be followed up efficiently only by men from America, qualified to lead in the development of well organized Association work. One American secretary, Charles K. Ober, at this very time saw so clearly this need in Osaka of an Association secretary that he decided to go if the path was opened to him. In such event he would have reached Asia in 1887 as our first foreign work secretary, but providential developments at this time claimed his missionary service at the home base."

Pending action of the International Committee on an important matter pertaining to my work in the colleges, I said nothing to Mr. Morse or any other representative of the committee concerning Japan, but did talk the matter over confidentially with Robert Wilder, and in the files of my early Association correspondence I find the following letter.

Mosley's New Haven House,
New Haven, Connecticut.
Opposite Yale College. Fronting the Green.
Feb. 21, 1887.

Dear Mr. Ober:

I had a good talk with Mr. Monroe about Y.M.C.A. work in Japan—mentioning the plan which you suggested to me (of course without making any reference to you.) Mr. M. is enthusiastic about it and spoke of it to Morse and Wishard. They all seem to agree on the advisability of before long organizing Association work in Japan. See Mr. Monroe as soon as you can. May God guide you and make you His instrument for saving the young men of Japan, D. V. Excuse haste,

Yours for missions,

R. P. Wilder.

Under circumstances that at the time seemed to me to be providential, my path to the foreign field was obstructed by real difficulties, constructive rather than negative, without, however, the experience of any change of mind or heart toward foreign missions, and when, in December, 1888, I turned the Student Volunteer Movement leadership over to Mott it was not because I had become less interested in foreign missions, but because I fully believed that this arrangement would be best for the Movement and best also for Mott and his possible career in Christian work.

During my two years' subsequent connection with the student work of the International Committee I had abundant opportunity to promote the interests of its missionary department, but when I left the student work for the general field work in 1890, with Mott responsible for the student work, and Wishard for the foreign work, and the challenging conditions in the home field, both emergency and constructive, claiming about one hundred and fifty per cent. of my time, I almost forgot that there was such an enterprise as foreign missions.

In the meantime the Association foreign work under the leadership of Luther D. Wishard, pioneer student and foreign secretary of the International Committee, had become well established, and by the end of 1898 had twelve secretaries on the foreign field and a budget of $28,000. At that time I had my general field work fairly well in hand with a staff of five resident field secretaries, in the East, the South, the Southwest, the Central West and the Northwest. Then Wishard resigned his connection with the Association Movement to pioneer a forward movement of the churches, and the International Committee requested that Mott and I, with the help of George L. Leonard of the Business Department at our New York Office, take on the administration of the

foreign work, in addition to the work for which we were responsible in our respective departments of the home work.

This arrangement absorbed about one-third of my time and continued for four years until the end of 1902, during which period the number of secretaries on the foreign field increased from twelve to thirty and the budget of the foreign work from $28,000 to $70,000. The most significant development was in the gifts from the Associations, which about this time began to assume responsibility for the support of their own representatives on the foreign field. As Douglas of Philadelphia said at the New Jersey State Convention, "In the future, the Philadelphia Association will operate in two sections, one on the banks of the Schuylkill, the other on the banks of the Yangtze-kiang."

This new vision and enlarged missionary responsibility brought new life and power to the Associations in their home fields, lifting things out of the humdrum and ordinary into the heroic, and bringing a rich blessing into the lives of their members participating. The Washington, D. C., Association was the first to respond to our challenge that the individual Association take full responsibility for the support of its own representative on the foreign field, and the following letter from its general secretary reflects something of this new spirit of that Association's adventure in faith and sacrifice:

Washington, D. C., January 15, 1900.

To the International Committee
of the Young Men's Christian Associations,
3 West 29th Street, New York, N. Y.

Brethren:—

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to inform you that on the last day of 1899—Sunday, December 31st, the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of Washington decided to assure

the support of a missionary secretary for one year at $2,000. While this action covers simply the period of one year it is our hope and expectation that it will be a permanent matter and that the same support will continue year after year. It is our desire that the Committee at once select a man to go as our representative and assign a field of labor. We shall be glad to confer with the committee on either of these points if it so desires.

We trust that there will be no delay in the selection of a worker and a field. We want to come into vital touch with the matter as soon as practicable. When the man is selected we wish to have him come to us, meet the members of the Association and go forth from our midst as our representative.

Our check for $500—the first quarterly installment can be sent you at any time.

I cannot tell you how glad I am that God has led us to do this thing. I believe He is going to give us larger success than ever here at home and a deeper, truer joy in all our service because of our willingness to reach out.

Our action with reference to the Missionary work is in direct result of Mr. Ober's visit here in November. May God make him as helpful to every Association he visits.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN B. SLEMAN, JR.,
General Secretary.

As Mott and I sized up the situation, it was not good Association strategy to have a missionary enterprise conducted in the name of the Associations and supported by anyone who would give money to it. We felt that it was vital that the Associations themselves should become missionary and then their missionary enterprise would become the natural expression of the life of the Associations, the missionary fruit of a missionary tree; more than that, we believed that the Associations owed to the young men in their membership the challenge of a missionary objective, to help them to become more truly Christian.

We, therefore, began a campaign of missionry education and enlistment among the home Associations and Association members, dealing with the matter funda-

mentally and not as an emergency. We selected and assembled a collection of books as an Association Missionary Library and I wrote a book on "The Bible and Missions" to be included in this library, with Andrew Murray's little-great books on "Money" and "Prayer" and text-books on the greater Association mission fields. Six hundred sets of these libraries were sold to the Associations.

We started a Prayer Cycle, published quarterly in the *Association Foreign Mail,* called "The Sunday Morning Watch," the particular topics of which were gathered by correspondence with the Association secretaries on the foreign field and represented actual needs and opportunities in their work. We gave addresses and wrote articles in *Association Men,* on missions, prayer, money, and the responsibility of the home Associations and individual Association members for the Association missionary enterprise. We also got the Association foreign work incorporated in the standardized Association scheme of religious work of the home Associations, together with Bible study, evangelism and Christian social service. We encouraged the formation of "Twenty-four-Hour-a-Day Clubs" and the putting of the foreign work into the regular budgets of the Associations. Mott and I also conducted leaders' training conferences on the foreign work similar to the student deputation training conferences we had conducted about ten years before.

We soon disregarded the distinction between the student and city Association work for which we were respectively responsible in the home field and my special responsibility for the foreign work came to be the cultivation of the foreign missionary interest in the home Associations, while Mott specialized on the problems on the foreign field.

In such a work it is hard to tabulate results but there were results, as seen by the growth of the enterprise, but chiefly in that the foreign work became increasingly "domesticated," to use Mr. Morse's favorite expression, in the consciences and programs of the home Associations. That our "appeal to Caesar" was not wholly unheeded may be inferred from the following letter from one of our Railroad Secretaries:

RAILROAD YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
J. C. Starkey, *General Secretary*
Mattoon, Illinois

May 2, 1916

Mr. C. K. Ober,
New York City

Dear Mr. Ober:—

During the last quarter of a century I have heard you many times at conventions and conferences, and have followed your plans in your work in the fellowship movement and other lines of Association activities.

There is one incident among all the others that seems to be stamped on my mind forever. It was a little morning meeting in the up-stairs room in the Railroad Association, one Sunday. You were speaking of prayer, and I remember that you said forcibly, "It is gratifying to me that this morning it is our great privilege to really help the men in India and Japan and China, by our intercession here."

It seemed to me we were very near the Lord that morning, and you brought into my life the thought of the power to help the other man, even on the other side of the world, by prayer. I was greatly uplifted by the thought. That was perhaps fifteen years ago, and it still abides with me. Just a few nights ago, I was leading a prayer service, and I gave them the thought as you gave it to me then. I have heard many things you have said and read a great deal that you have written, but this thing got hold of my life, and I am praising God for that little meeting in Mt. Carmel that Sunday morning.

Most sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. C. STARKEY.

CHAPTER XVI

BACK EAST

"Come back, come back, Horatius, loud cry the fathers all." The cry was familiar, only I had been helping to build bridges rather than tear one down. It was thirteen years since I had gone South and ten years since I went West on this bridge building program, and in 1903 the International Committee intimated that if I would come back East to the New York office of the Committee, all would be forgiven.

There was freedom, scope, hustle and initiative in the West, and why should I want to go back to the "effete" East, the home of things as they used to be, of "Wall Street" and the referendum? But the Committee prevailed, as it generally did, and I came back and found plenty of work to do in the East that was well worth the doing.

There was no Association state work in Maine and Vermont, but both of these fields responded to suggestion and encouragement, money was raised, state work was organized, good men were found as state secretaries and a fruitful and self-perpetuating work was inaugurated in each State.

Building funds were secured in half a dozen or more cities including Atlantic City and Camden, New Jersey, and an Association Training Conference, or rather, a group of Institutes, on the plan of the summer training work at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was launched at Silver Bay on Lake George, New York.

But I still had some responsibility for the field as a whole especially for those sections that were not "covered" by resident field secretaries.

In 1899 there was a vacancy in the Southwestern field division. Ten years had passed since the great State Convention of the Kansas Associations at Topeka in 1889, that launched the Pioneer Soudan Missionary Movement, followed by the disintegration of the Kansas state work under State Secretary Fisher. The heart of the Kansas Associations was sound, however, and with the head and hand, had been employed for seven or eight years in building up a new and growing work for the young men and boys of "the Sunflower State." The chairman of the Kansas Association State Committee was Bruno Hobbs, a young lawyer in Kansas City, Kansas, a graduate of Kansas State University and a man of unusual ability and strong and attractive personality, wise in counsel and gifted in public address.

In 1899 my associates in the general field work agreed with me that Bruno Hobbs was the man we wanted for the field work in the Southwest and we put the matter up to him. It was evident that the work appealed to him and that he wanted to come into it, but he told us that he had just put all the money he had, and that some of his friends had put a good deal more, into a banking business in Colorado, which he had personally undertaken to administer and that therefore he was not free to consider our proposition.

Seven years later, in 1906, I learned that Bruno Hobbs' bank had been caught in a financial panic and had been obliged to close its doors, so that, through no fault of his, he and his friends had lost their entire investment. The position in the Southwestern field work was again open and a place in our hearts was also open to Bruno Hobbs. Time was not "of the essence of the contract," as it evidently was not in the case of Jacob, who "served seven years for Rachel and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." I

was in New York at the time of the closing of Hobbs' bank, but a few days later in Denver, renewed with Hobbs the conversation interrupted seven years before by the accident of his business entanglement.

Hobbs had about decided to return to his profession of law and had just had an offer of a retainer equal to his first year's salary in the position to which we invited him, with the reasonable expectation of being able to earn much more than that in additional legal practice. But he and his wife felt that this thing was "of the Lord," and so, without hesitation or regret, he turned his back on his profession, chosen and approved, accepted our proposition, and was ready to report for service practically at once.

The character, personality and caliber of the new field secretary for the Southwest were quickly put to the test by the invitation to help the Houston, Texas, Association plan, prepare for and conduct a campaign for a new Association building. The faith and courage of the directors had crystalized on an objective of $85,000. Hobbs began by encouraging the President to start with a sacrificial, conditional subscription of $5,000. Then Hobbs and the president went out and found fourteen others, each of whom pledged himself for a like amount preliminary to the "campaign."

Having "in hand" fifteen subscription for $5,000 each, it was obviously necessary to change the objective of the campaign. One of the fifteen, a fine business man, but not a professing Christian, was made chairman of "The Citizens' Committee," Hobbs serving under him as executive of the campaign organization, and putting into the conduct of the daily rallies and Committee meetings a rare spirit of faith, prayer, courage and conviction that "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

The campaign "went over the top" at the figure not far from $200,000, and everyone was happy, except the chairman of the Citizens Committee, who called on his wife's pastor and told him his burden. He told him that he had done something recently that he thought he never could do, he had given away $5,000. He had noticed also that the men who were doing such things for the public good were, as a rule, in the church, and it made him feel rather lonesome. The pastor was a wise man and gave him advice and encouragement that landed him in the church, and this was the beginning of a movement churchward that increased the membership of the Houston churches by over one hundred men.

They did the same thing, only in reverse order, that the Apostle Paul reported concerning the Macedonian Christians, "For to their power I bear record, yea and beyond their power they were willing of themselves; praying us with much entreaty to receive the gift and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord and unto us by the will of God."

Hobbs kept on doing such good work in the Southwestern field that after two years I recommended to the International Committee that he be called to take my place not only in the Eastern field division, but also as senior secretary of the general field department. I was led to do this because I saw in him a combination of qualifications that I believed preeminently fitted him for this work and would only find their full expression in the broader field. I felt about Hobbs just as I did about Mott with reference to the student work eighteen years before, and I believed that Hobbs would be able to do for the field and general work what Mott had done for the student and foreign work.

Hobbs served, however, only one year in the broader field work, but in that short time Mr. Richard C. Morse, our general secretary, and others, competent to judge, came to share my estimate of him and my hope for his future. He lost his life by drowning at Silver Bay, Lake George, in the early summer of 1909, and the Association Movement lost a great leader on the very threshold of his career. Concerning his passing, Mr. Morse wrote in *Association Men:*

"In the death of Bruno Hobbs the work of the International Committee and of the whole Association Brotherhood suffers a loss so distressing as to seem at the moment irreparable. Experienced and expert in the whole range of lay leadership in local and in State work, his life had already been one of remarkable Association achievement before he entered in recent years the International secretaryship. He brought invaluable contribution to the efficiency of the International work. All previous achievement had given him training for the larger and wider service now open to him, and upon this he had only just entered. He was commanding in a rare manner the respect and confidence, the love and cooperation of his associates. In all of his work there was present that note of victory inseparable from a life of faith and prayer and fellowship in service with his Saviour and Lord."

The editor of *Association Men,* Mr. Frank W. Ober, wrote the following tribute:

"Bruno Hobbs was a man bigger even than the big things he had begun to accomplish. His was a rare spirit, strong, honest, courageous, courteous, fair-minded and far-sighted. His intellect saw everything that was to be seen, and his faith reckoned with the unseen. He was a man of transparent simplicity, free from guile, with great capacity for friendship, loyal to his friends and incapable of meanness, even to the unfriendly. In his position as head of his department which he had held but one year, he was revealing a statesmanship of the highest order among Association leaders, and had he lived, would have done a work not only great, but original and of far-reaching significance. He lived to work with us long enough, however, to reveal his lofty ideal and suggest his imperial program."

I wonder what the writer of this editorial meant by Bruno Hobbs' "imperial program;" and I wonder what Bruno Hobbs would have accomplished if he had been given twenty years, instead of one year, in which to work out his program, and I also wonder whether what we call "death" is as much of a disaster as we think it is. There must be adequate opportunity beyond the border for men like Bruno Hobbs.

CHAPTER XVII

AGAIN, THE SOUTH

When I turned the general field work over to Bruno Hobbs, I did not expect to go to "the happy hunting grounds" right away, but I did covet another opportunity to do some field work in the South, which had proved a happy hunting ground to me seventeen and eighteen years before.

The field north of the Potomac was interesting and responsive and I could not say with the Apostle Paul that I had "no more place in these parts," for things and men were still "coming my way." But I felt that I was needed in the South more than in the East and somehow the Southern field appealed to me. Then, too, I remembered that "the Romans conquered the world with the short sword" and I believed with General Grant that in the South there was "good fighting all along the line," though not the kind in which he was engaged.

Before taking up my new work in the South, I cooperated with G. S. Bilheimer, at that time state secretary of the Colorado Associations, in exploring Estes Park, Colorado, as to its suitability for a permanent summer conference and training ground for the Associations of the Southwest and trans-Missouri region. On the acceptance of our favorable report, I gave a month in the Spring of 1908 visiting the leading city and college Associations of Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas, to enlist the cooperation of the directors of the city Associations in this new enterprise and to secure selected delegates from the college Associations to the initial session of the Student Conference to be held there the coming summer. I visited about twenty cities and as many

colleges in the three States. The response in the city Associations was all that we hoped for and the Associations were represented at Estes Park that summer by their strongest men, including Clarence P. Dodge, of Colorado Springs, chairman of the Colorado Association State Committee; W. E. Sweet, president of the Denver Association, and afterward governor of Colorado; and A. A. Hyde of the Wichita, Kansas Association, great Christian and specialist in Christian philanthropy.

Under the wise leadership and efficient administration of Mr. Bilheimer, and the splendid cooperation and princely generosity of these three men, and the others following, the ample grounds and fine equipment of the Estes Park conference and training project were secured and the work put on a permanent and productive basis. I was unable to be present at the opening session, but Bruno Hobbs was there and cooperated in the launching of the enterprise.

In the colleges I not only sought to secure selected delegates to the coming Student Conference at Estes Park, but I presented the Association secretaryship as a life work for college men, and had many interviews with prospective candidates. I found a number of good men who might have been enlisted for the secretaryship if I had some definite tangible proposition to make to them. I did tell them of the Association training colleges and the assistant secretaryship, but these things seemed far away to them and so the general effect of my counsel was "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," and I was conscious of not being able to "give them those things which are needful" and as a result, there were no visible results to my recruiting efforts from any of the nearly twenty colleges visited.

This negative experience set me thinking and I determined to give this recruiting problem the right of way in the South.

I found in the South a number of city Associations with modern Association buildings, large membership, broad and attractive programs of work and good secretaries, and the last generally came first.

I selected several of these Associations and secured the cooperation of the secretaries in the plan of taking one or more college men as assistant secretaries, on the apprenticeship principle, giving them a moderate initial salary and coaching them in their work with assurance of increased salary and promotion as they made good.

I regarded the plan as an experiment, hopeful, but one that might require several years to demonstrate and so I said little about it but did report it to John Glover of our Secretarial Bureau at the New York office as an experiment in which he might be interested.

Some months later, we were both in attendance at a conference of lay and secretarial leaders in State and International Association work, held at South Bend, Indiana, and one of the topics for discussion was that of recruiting high grade men for the Association secretaryship. John Glover as the acknowledged expert observer on secretarial matters was called upon to make a statement and in this statement he referred to what I was doing in the South and I was therefore requested to explain.

I told them that I regarded it simply as an experiment; that, in my opinion it would take several years to work it out; but that I believed that the men we wanted were in the graduating classes of the colleges and that if we could make a place for them in our best Associations they could have a chance to find themselves and find their life work in the secretaryship.

The response to the suggestion of this plan was so general and so strong that I was deeply impressed by it and it was suggested that I give my whole time to it and so far as they could promise it, the Conference assured me that if I did so, I would have the hearty cooperation of Association leaders in both cities and colleges. I had, however, some other important work to do in the South, and could do no more at the time than simply accept the expression of the Conference as a vote of confidence in the plan and in the outcome of my experiment, if made.

One of the first Association problems I found lying in wait for me in the South was that of securing a modern building for the Birmingham, Ala., Association. The Association owned a fine, well situated lot with an old residence building on the front and a good gymnasium in the rear, but needed $200,000 to complete the building, and had been waiting three years or more for an initial conditional subscription of $25,000 to start the campaign.

The man to whom they looked for this subscription was the president of the Association, a man of abundant means and generous impulses, but who had put a good deal of money into temporarily unproductive and non-liquid investments and who, on that account, had not been able to get the consent of his mind to lead off with the $25,000 subscription needed.

When I had sized up the situation I had a conference with the president and suggested that instead of an individual subscription of $25,000, we could sufficiently hypnotize the community with an aggregate conditional subscription of $50,000 from the Board of Directors, and that to lift the faith and achievement of the Board to that figure he would need to start the proposition with a personal subscription of $15,000. He took the matter under advisement over night, reported favorably the next morning and then we began to interview the other

members of the Board, one by one, for their subscriptions.

Our plan was to meet, in daily conference of the Board, members who had already subscribed and invite to this conference one other member of the Board whose subscription was desired. At one of these conferences a man who the day before had subscribed double what he had expected to give brought in the new man, and in reply to this man's question, "What is up? What are we here for?" said, "I came in here yesterday just as you have today, not knowing what was up. The old scout (pointing to me) was sitting over there—" "That is all right" I think I hear some one say, "You probably earned the title, but what I want to know is, did you get the $50,000?"

Yes, we got it, and then C. S. Ward, my former associate, then, as now, specializing on his "intensive method of fund raising," took charge and in the first week of their ten-day campaign got the other $150,000 with $12,000 more for good measure and they could not stop until they had raised over $60,000 more for a new Y.W.C.A. building for Birmingham.

I set up a building campaign also for the Columbia, South Carolina, Association for $85,000 and had the satisfaction of seeing it and the building planned for come through as planned, and helped the Jacksonville, Florida, Association raise about $60,000 on a supplemental canvass for their building fund.

The state work in Virginia was in debt and its state secretary and his two associates, in student and in town and country work, had resigned and accepted positions in other fields. A few weeks before I went South Dr. Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia, chairman of the Virginia Association State Committee, having learned of my appointment to the Southern field, came

into our New York office and shared with me his burden for the Virginia state work. I told him that I had as yet made no Southern engagements and would make the state work of the Old Dominion my first major responsibility until their problem was solved.

To strengthen the State Committee in relation to the work in its field I accepted the position of "acting state secretary" and held this position for about a year, giving, at first, half of my time to the Virginia work and gradually diminishing this as the condition of the work improved. Emergency situations were met, a systematic financial canvass inaugurated, the debt reduced, money provided for new work, and a new staff of secretaries was secured including State Secretary Ackley, who did a remarkable work in Virginia for nine years, and Student Secretary Lee, who later became the state secretary and is now general secretary of the Richmond Association.

I also cooperated with Dr. Weatherford, our Southern student secretary at that time, in securing the grounds and improvements for our summer conference and training center for the South.

We had gotten possession of a splendid property of over 800 acres in the Blue Ridge Mountains at Black Mountain, North Carolina, near Asheville, and were in the midst of a campaign to raise about $100,000 to complete payment on the land and to make the initial improvements. The money was coming hard, and the goal seemed a long way off. The ground was covered with a forest growth reaching up to the crest of the Blue Ridge, an elevation of 4,000 feet, though the tract had been lumbered and the spruce timber—the most valuable and available—had been cut off. There was still, however, a good deal of chestnut, oak, and hemlock, and it occurred to me that this might be utilized in the construction of our proposed buildings and for cash toward the

amount we needed to raise. I therefore inquired in Asheville for a Christian lumberman whom we might get to "cruise" the property and tell us just how much lumber we had, that we could afford to cut without injuring the property.

The trail led to a man who was "very busy and very hard to get to unless you have a business proposition, as he considers his time worth about a dollar a minute to himself," but I got an interview with him, explained my errand and asked him to give us a day of his time to cruise the property and tell us what we had there that we might utilize in carrying through our undertaking.

He said, "I am very busy and I don't see how I can get the time, but your proposition interests me, and I'll do it." I saw him very soon after, and he reported that we had 1,050,000 feet of merchantable lumber on the property, fully half of which we could utilize in the erection of our buildings, and that we could sell the balance and also several thousand cords of cord wood for cash.

I thanked him, of course, for this splendid piece of service, and then said to him, "Mr. Hobbs, we haven't a man on our committee who knows anything about the lumber business and, if we let the contract to a professional lumberman, he would probably skin the property and also skin the committee in the process. I would naturally come to you for a thousand dollar subscription for our project, but you have something that is worth more to us than money, your lumberman's experience and your business ability. Now, why not become a member of our committee and help us put this thing across? We will not pay you anything for it. You would be expected to give your time and it may even cost you some money, for, after you get into the work and see what it means, you will want to give money to it."

Then I called his attention to the principle of Christian stewardship and the privilege it gave him as a business man, equally with a minister, of consecrating his talent to the service of God and men, and that by doing this he would incidentally get a great deal of satisfaction out of it. "By George!" he said, "I never thought of that. I supposed that all a man could do with his business ability or experience was to make money with it. You are asking me to do a hard thing. God knows I have more irons in the fire now than I ought to have, and I don't see how I can take on any more. But this thing appeals to me, and, if I have to give up something, perhaps it will be some of the other things. I can't do it, but I will!"

He became chairman of our Business Committee, he put through the lumber enterprise, letting all the contracts, supervising the operations, and watching everything like a hawk. He built a wooden tramway, five miles long, down by gravity and up by mule power, from the Southern Railroad to the site of our proposed buildings and back into the mountain coves where the lumber and wood were reached. He cut exactly 1,050,000 feet of lumber, most of which we used in the erection of our buildings, and he sold enough more, with the cord wood, to pay for the tramway and the cost of the lumber operation and to give us, with the value of the lumber used in the buildings, a net return of fully $20,000 toward ninety odd thousand dollars required for our entire project. By having the lumber on the ground also, we were able to push the building operations rapidly and to save an entire year in the use of the property.

Furthermore, he superintended the erection of our buildings, the plans for which were contributed by Louis A. Jallade, a New York architect, also the building of a macadam road, water, sewer, and electric light systems,

and many other improvements, making this property the best equipped and adapted to its purpose of all the similar enterprises throughout the country. More than that, he is still on the job, as president and chairman of the Business Committee. Incidentally, several years ago, when more money was needed to provide for enlargements necessitated by the success of the undertaking, he gave a personal subscription of $5,000 and he threatens to do something a good deal larger than that a little later on.

Several years ago I visited the property, when a summer school with several hundred students was in session, for the training of leaders in our Y.M.C.A. work in the South. He was away on a business trip when I got there, but I think his wife got in touch with him and reported my presence, for he returned before I left and we had a great time together, going over the grounds and noting the splendid improvements and the possibilities for further development. Instead of reproaching me for getting him into trouble, he told me that he had never done anything that had given him as much satisfaction as he had found from his years of strenuous, gratuitous service in helping to make this Christian training enterprise a success. In fact, he wrote me recently, "I owe to you the opportunity for a service which has always been a great joy to me!"

Truly there are others, besides ministers, evangelists and Y.M.C.A. secretaries, to whom talents have been entrusted, and by whom an accounting must be rendered.

"His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER XVIII

I GO A FISHING

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.
They say unto him, we also go with thee"
(John XXI:3)

In 1910, I had been in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, City, State and International, for twenty-eight years. When I entered, in 1882, there were two hundred and ten employed Association secretaries. In 1910, there were three thousand two hundred and sixty-five, and the demand in 1910 was for men several hundred per cent. bigger than in 1882.

Every new Association organized, every new Association building erected, every new program of Association work projected, created a demand for one or more men big enough to organize, administer, conserve and develop the new work made possible by the achievement. When these new and stronger men were not quickly forthcoming, every Association success was an embarrassment.

I had been conscious of this situation during the entire period and, every now and then, had hand-picked a good man, but I had done it with my left hand. Now I began to feel that I ought to be doing it with both hands. I believed that a good man was bigger than a building and I found that I had lost my interest in getting more or larger buildings for Association work as long as there were not enough men in sight who were capable of administering the present work.

I was convinced by experience and observation that the men we were looking for—or hoping for rather, we had not begun seriously to look for them—were in the colleges, most of them in the graduating classes, men who

during their first three years in college had found themselves, and had been found by their college associates as men of character, ability and leadership. I was convinced also that the things in the Association work that had appealed to me, and to Mott, Andersen, Brockman and other college men who had found a satisfying life work in the Association secretaryship, would appeal to them if we could bring the men and the work together. As Henry Drummond said at Northfield, "A man's views are what he sees. It will not do any good to argue with him about his views. The thing to do is to bring him to where he can see what you see." These men were "from Missouri" and "had to be shown," not in words and figures, not in the history of what the Association work *used* to be, or in the theory of what it *ought* to be, but in the *experience* of what it *is,* and what it is *at its best.*

Then I thought, "Why not bring these men and these best Associations together?" Then I requested and obtained release from work of organization and promotion in order that I might be free to make an experiment. I said to the Committee, "Give me five years," and they gave me six. My plan was the old idea of the apprenticeship. When I mentioned it in a group of Association leaders it met with unanimous approval, and one of them, an old college man, suggested that the word "Fellowship" would carry the same idea and would probably be more attractive to college men, and I accepted the amendment and we called it "The Fellowship Plan." That was how the thing started. As Simon Peter said, "I go a fishing," and some good men said, "We also go with thee," and I found the fishing good, as I expected it would be. The fish were there and they rose to my bait.

In the six years I found and recruited into fellowship

(apprenticeship) positions in the Association work 156 college men. Allowing thirty-eight weeks for the college year, during which college men are accessible, that is one man for every ten days of the six college years. My methods were the still hunt (it is not much use to go either hunting or fishing with a brass band), the personal interview, the life work conference, and an understanding with selected Associations and secretaries that they would play the game and do for the fellowship men what McBurney did for me, what Messer did for Whitford and what I did for Mott.

Let me illustrate by a concrete case. I was scouting through the Ohio colleges, and the Association state student secretary, who knew all the real leaders, said to me, "When you go to D——, be sure to see H——; he is a fine student, a star athlete, a fraternity man, a leader, a member of the cabinet of the student Association and is taking the engineering course. He is gun-shy on the Christian work proposition and may not want to talk with you about it, but he would make a great secretary if you could land him.

I went to D——, and H—— was on my list for half an hour interview, which was at least fifteen minutes too short. I had about used up the time, in which I had sized him up for all that the state student secretary had claimed for him, with the suspicion of a little more. I saw that he was on the defensive, as if he was afraid that something might upset his choice of the engineering profession, which he considered settled. Then I said to him: "H——, we haven't the time to go into this matter adequately; another fellow will be here in five minutes and you apparently are not very much interested, but if I were in your place, I would take time to investigate this matter of the Association secretaryship. You are headed

for engineering and doubtless you would make a good engineer but, if you have what some of your friends think you have, you probably would not be happy in engineering. Your friends say that you have religious leadership, combined with social executive and organizing ability, and that you can not only lead men, but can weld and wield them as a force in the carrying through of a social, athletic, or religious program.

"Now the Association secretaryship is the same thing as engineering, as to its method; it differs only in its objective and in its dynamic. The objective of engineering is material enterprises for the upbuilding of a material civilization and its dynamic is steam, electricity or dynamite. The objective of the Association secretaryship is personality, character and service, and it makes use of social, educational and spiritual forces. Now, if you appreciate that kind of an objective and believe that you can wield forces like these, the Association secretaryship probably holds for you a career in which your greatest and most characteristic qualities would find their full expression, and you would find a life work of fascinating interest. Why not investigate the secretaryship?"

"How could I make an investigation?" he asked; and I told him, in a word, of the Fellowship Plan, and of the life work conference I had arranged to be held in the Cleveland Association at the end of the following week, at which a group of Association experts would join me in trying to interpret, in the environment of an achieving Association, the nature, variety and extent of the life work opportunity for college men in the Association secretaryship. I told him also that he could come to this conference without fear of being unduly influenced, that he could come and go away and I would say nothing further to him on the subject unless he wanted to talk with me again about it.

He turned up at the conference and at the close of the last session came to me and said that he wanted to have a talk with me. At our first interview, he had given thirty minutes under protest; now, he wanted, and I gave him two hours, at the end of which he said, "This thing appeals to me and I want to get into it. I am ready to go wherever you say."

"Would you go to Honolulu," I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I said, "Now *I* am from Missouri, and you will have to show *me*. I will have to look up your record and see if you 'sure enough' have what we are looking for."

"All right," he said, "look me up."

The testimony confirmed my impressions. I opened for him an assistant's (Fellowship) position in Honolulu, one of our best City Associations, where he made good in a year, was promoted to a more responsible position, and then went to an important Association field in India where he is still in the work and is very happy in it.

During the Life Work Conference in Cleveland, to which reference has been made, a reporter from one of the Cleveland daily papers wanted to interview me. "This is a very interesting work you are doing," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "it interests me very much."

"How long have you been holding these conferences of college men and doing this recruiting work in the colleges?"

"About three years."

"How many men have you recruited in that time?"

"About ninety."

"Isn't that a small number?"

"Yes, I think it is. But, you must consider that these are picked men, that they are men who have demonstrated leadership, that they are about to be college graduates

and that they are considering this work as their life work. Now, suppose that one in three of these ninety men finds a life work, of an average of thirty-three and a third years in the Association secretaryship, how many years would that be?"

"That would be one thousand years."

"Yes, that would be one thousand years. Do you know of any other job that you could offer me in which I could invest three years and get a thousand years?"

"By heck!" he said, "this is a great proposition."

Not every college man interviewed was as good a prospect as H——, but nearly all were interesting. One fellow, who impressed me as having ability and being one hundred per cent. conscious of it, asked me to tell him frankly and at once whether I thought that he "would make a good secretary." I told him that I could not tell yet, that I had known him for less than half an hour and needed more time to weigh the evidence.

"I have been told," he said, "that you can tell by looking at a man whether or not he has the making of a secretary."

"That," I replied, "like Mark Twain's comment on the report that he was dead, is, to say the least, very much exaggerated."

"How would you go to work to find out," he asked.

"Just as a judge would try a case," I said. "I take testimony. In my talk with you, you are giving me evidence about yourself; then I get you to give me the names of the four or five men who know you best and are best qualified to testify, and I write to these men for specific information and advice. I not only get their impressions of you. I get your record."

"How long would this take?"

"Probably two or three weeks."

"I don't think I can wait that long. I have several

other things in mind and want to settle the matter right away if possible. Now, I wish that you would tell me just what you think of me."

I saw that he took me for a mind reader, or a fortune-teller and so I tried to accommodate him. I looked at him steadily for about a minute and a half and then said: "All right, as I look at you, I can see plainly that you have wheels; as I look a little more closely, I can see these wheels going around; but I can't tell quite yet whether they have cogs in them or not; the man I am looking for must have cogs in his wheels, so that, when his wheels go around, they will turn the rest of the machinery." He decided not to wait for me to look up his record and I became reconciled to his decision.

Parellel with my recruiting work in the colleges, I had to carry on a program of cultivation of selected Associations and secretaries, to get them to take these college men on their staff, as apprentices, and deal with them unselfishly and in a way best calculated to help them to find themselves and a life work in the secretaryship. The program of "The Fellowship" in a city Association included the following features:

A varied experience, giving the fellowship man an insight into different departments, and opportunity to discover the field of his own largest aptitude by participating in various kinds of work.

Assigned tasks, or projects, to give the fellowship man a detailed knowledge of methods and skill in the performance of Association tasks, and to aid in the process of finding his best abilities.

Systematic coaching in Association work, by the general secretary and departmental executives.

Assured promotion, as the fellowship man makes good, and develops special aptitude or interest, to that department, phase of work, or responsibility that may be open

to him and that offers him the largest future in the Association secretaryship.

In an Iowa College, in the first year of this recruiting work, I was interviewing a prospect who looked good to me and my fellowship proposition evidently looked good to him. Then he told me that an allumnus of the college, who was an assistant secretary in the Honolulu Association, had written him asking if he would consider a call to the position of office secretary, in that Association. "Now, what I would like to know," he said, "would this position be a 'fellowship', or could it be made a 'fellowship?' "

"I do not know," I replied, "I would first have to see Paul Super (the general secretary of the Honolulu Association). I understand, however, that he is coming East, and as far as New York, in a few weeks, and I will be glad to talk the matter over with him."

"I wish you would. This fellowship idea appeals to me, and I think I will hold the matter open until after you have seen Mr. Super."

We left it that way, and Super came to New York, and, at my invitation, came to see me and we talked the matter through "from A. to Izzard." I found Super so responsive to the idea of taking promising college men on his staff as apprentices and training them for the secretaryship that I wrote to my Iowa friend, "It is all right, take the position as offered, I believe that whatever Super gives you will be a fellowship."

I was not mistaken. Super took the proposition seriously and, with his characteristic thoroughness, made the idea of training his staff a major. In his recent book on "Growth," Mr. Super says, referring to this experience: "A few years later I began to specialize upon training men for executive positions, taking young college men and training them to become Y.M.C.A. secretaries. Three

investigations grew out of this, each promising to throw light upon my problem. The questions were: "How do great business corporations train their executives?" "How do engineering colleges train engineers?" (A Y.M.C.A. secretary is a social engineer). "What theories are guiding modern educational methods?" A three hundred page book ("Training a Staff") grew out of these investigations and the resulting study and experimentation."

In 1915, when Dr. Mott succeeded Mr. Morse as general secretary of the International Committee, I proposed to him that my experiment in recruiting and the "Secretarial Bureau" inaugurated by the International Committee in 1878 and then (in 1915) under the efficient direction of Mr. John Glover, be merged in a more comprehensive personnel program as a "Personnel Bureau", and I nominated as new secretaries for the work of the proposed Bureau Mr. R. P. Kaighn as executive and Mr. Paul Super as a specialist on "the training of the staff."

Dr. Mott and the Committee approved my recommendation conditioned only on the securing from new sources of the money required for Mr. Super's budget, estimated at $4,500 a year for three years, and I made a special trip to Honolulu to talk the matter over with Mr. Super and the directors of the Honolulu Association.

Super had been in Honolulu ten years, had secured a fine Association building and built up a splendid Association work, surrounding himself with a remarkable group of associates and building into his directorate the choicest Christian business men in Honolulu. Mr. Frank Atherton was president of the Association and though he knew my errand and did not want to lose Super from the Honolulu work, yet he received me graciously and cooperated with me heartily. He really made me feel that I was doing him and the Honolulu Association a great honor, "letting them in on the ground floor", by asking

from them the contribution of their secretary and $4,500 a year for three years to make his new work possible. Mr. Atherton personally contributed $1,000 a year, shared in the gift of a like amount from the Atherton family and approved the putting of $1,500 a year into the Association budget. The other $1,000 was given by another member of the Board.

This splendid cooperation of Mr. Atherton and the directors of the Honolulu Association was not only an evidence of Mr. Atherton's princely character, but was a tribute to Mr. Super who had so won their confidence and regard as to make possible their princely giving for his new work.

Two years later, when the United States entered the World War, the four secretaries of the Personnel Bureau were immediately available for war work and formed the nucleus of the War Work Personnel Board, which recruited and trained over 26,000 "Y" secretaries for service in the home training camps, on the transports, with the troops overseas and among the prisoners of war.

After the war, Dr. Mott and Mr. Kaighn, the Personnel Bureau executive, with a special Committee of which Mr. F. W. Ayer was chairman, raised a fund of $4,000,000 and established "The Association Retirement Plan," by which superannuated secretaries, like the writer, may now sit serenely "under their own vine and fig tree," listen complacently to the howling of the wolf remote from their door, watch the busy world go by and wish that they might be going by with them.

As I write this story, in the spring of 1929, one of the secretaries of the Personnel Bureau, himself a "fellowship man," brings me the report of an investigation he has just completed. He finds that, of the college graduates recruited in to the Association secretaryship "on the

Fellowship Plan" in the six year period to which I have referred, seventy-three are still in the Association work, of whom four are secretaries of the Association National Council, and seventeen are secretaries on the Association foreign field, and that the combined service rendered by all the men recruited during this period is one thousand, five hundred and eighty-six years.

The tale, however, is not yet complete. The longest term of service is only seventeen and one-half years. The years are young yet, and when the last of this group shall have retired, in about 1956, his last dividend of time may bring the total to more than three thousand years.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MORAL EQUIVALENT

About six years ago, I met with an accident. It began with the accident of my having been born too soon and, as a result, I was caught in the machinery of the Association Retirement Plan and tossed, gently and lovingly of course, on the scrap-heap.

In the language of the ancient seer, "I sat down astonied" for some days, and then, when I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment to look about me, I discovered that the part of the scrap-heap on which I had been deposited was contiguous to my summer home in the New England hill country.

It was "an abandoned farm" when I found it, over thirty years ago, sixty acres of field, pasture and wood lot that had been drifting back to nature for a decade or so, with an old colonial type farmhouse of nine rooms, with six open fire-places and six big maple and silver poplar shade trees. Whittier describes a similar "Forsaken Farm House" in his poem so entitled:

Against the wooded hills it stands,
  Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken light on wasted lands
  Where oldtime harvests grew.

Unplowed, unsowed, by scythe unshorn,
  The poor forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
  And pale green breadths of rye.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms,
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

The house we found was situated about four miles east of the Connecticut River, near the crest of the last of a succession of three hills, ascending like stairs to an elevation of 850 feet above the village and 1,200 feet above the sea. In the old colonial and early post-colonial periods, when the transportation agencies acted on the theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, the old stage coach between Troy and Boston climbed the hill and passed in front of the house. In the foreground lies the beautiful Connecticut Valley, and west, northwest and southwest stretch successive ranges of hills, climaxing in the southern Green Mountains and the northern Berkshires, with Greylock and Hoosac Mountain on the western horizon.

The quiet beauty of the place, the aroma of the home life on the old farm of long ago and something of the pathos that Whittier saw in the deserted farm house, appealed to us and we thought it would be a good thing to re-light the fires on the old hearth stones.

I bought the sixty acres and the old house, "as is", for $500 though I had to borrow the money to do it and find

$500 more to put the house in repair and provide a few simple articles of furniture to fit it for human habitation. A few years later a traveling sawmill came our way and I sold off some pine timber from a lot remote from the house for $700 so that the whole investment "set me back" just about $300, which reminds me of the story of the philanthropist who gave a nickel to a tramp and then said to him, "Now that I have given you this money, tell me what you intend to do with it;" and the tramp replied, "To be perfectly frank with you, I propose to spend it in riotous living."

The thing I had dreaded most about "retirement" was unemployment. I had heard of a college town in the West where most of the houses on the principal residence street were occupied by retired farmers' widows. The farmers had retired into unemployment and had soon died; their wives kept on doing their own housework and survived. The psychological effects of retirement also had impressed me as even more serious.

We spent most of our mid-summer vacations on the old farm, but arriving too late for planting, and leaving too early for reaping, the "farm" part of the place continued to be "abandoned" until the episode of "the scrap heap." I had seen, however, many interesting and some worthwhile things about the farm that I thought I would like to do if I only had the time. Now, having "all the time there is", I decided that I would try to do some of these things.

That was about six years ago, and four years ago a friend who happened to be in the vicinity tracked me up to my lair. "I have come up", he said, "to find out what you are doing here", and I went around the place with him, pointed out some things we had done, and described about twenty projects that were waiting their turn.

"Why, this means a lot of work," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "it means a lot of work, for which I am very thankful."

"I wouldn't think you would want to load yourself up with so much work. You have enough work laid out here to last you fifty years."

"Did you ever see a man who was out of work?" I asked.

"Yes, a good many of them."

"Were they happy?"

"No, decidedly, they were not happy."

"No," I said, "they were not happy. It depends altogether on how you look at it. Some folks look on work as a liability, I have come to look on it as an asset."

Aside from the wealth of interesting and worthwhile things to be done on an old farm, there is the opportunity and the joy of living the simple life and of living it inexpensively and in a way that, at least, does no one else any harm; and how simple are the things that really give us the most satisfaction! In the country, where there is "nowhere to go but out, and nowhere to come but back," it is no hardship to go to bed early; and, by the same token, it is no hardship to get up early in the morning. But, when one is up with the sun, and starts in to "lead out the little old wobbly calf," keeping one eye on the calf, who is ready to lead you a merry dance "if you don't watch out," and noting with the other eye the early bird in the act of catching his worm, it is only the beginning of a perfect day.

There is no hurry; we have a good start; "the chores" are not irksome and a good breakfast is in the offing; berries from our own vines, or bushes, wet with this morning's dew, cream, and plenty of it, from our own Guernsey cow, and eggs of yesterday's vintage, help to fortify us and put us in good humor for the real work

of the day. Incidentally, the consideration that these luxuries of the breakfast table have not been made prohibitory by expensive overhead, distribution and transportation charges compliments our sense of thrift and contributes to our peace of mind.

The day's work brings two satisfactions, the satisfaction of *doing* things, and the additional satisfaction of doing them *yourself* rather than of hiring some one else to do them *for* you. Mr. D. L. Moody once said, "I would rather try ten things and fail five times than not try anything and not fail at all, for, even if I fail five times, *I have done five things.*" In the early days of the Association work in China, the Chinese could not understand why the English and American young men worked so hard in playing their athletic games. "We *pay* men to do these things for us," they said.

"But," I think I hear some one say, "what kind of farming are you doing?" If you were to ask that question of some native farmer, down in the village, he would probably answer, "Well, I dunno, I don't calculate he's doing much real *farming* up there, he don't even keep a hoss." If I kept "a hoss," I would be "a one-horse farmer," which is far from my ambition. Perhaps, when the time comes to get "a hoss" we may be able to get a used tractor for the same money, that will not be "eating his head off" when he is not working.

We are in the New England "Apple Belt" and six years ago, after taking counsel of successful orchardists and expert horticulturalists, we set out two hundred apple trees of choice varieties, that have been growing while we slept.

Then we began to discover that the San Jose Scale, the Apple Aphis, the Apple Tree Borer, the Field Mouse, Br'er Rabbit and the wild Deer were interested in apple

trees, too, and we had to organize and prosecute unrelenting warfare against them. Incidentally, a eight-foot fence, a third of a mile long and nine wires high crept around our apple orchard to keep out the Deer. It is "some stunt" to stretch and staple three miles of wire and get every foot of it as taut as a fiddle string.

Our remoteness from a milk supply suggested the necessity, which soon proved to be a luxury, of a family cow. We found a gentle, middle aged, three-quarters grade Guernsey cow, who in four years gave us four beautiful calves, all of which we raised and she and her progeny also gave us some valuable experience. One lesson of this experience was that it costs no more to keep a good cow than a poor one and so we sold the old cow and two of her offspring and with the proceeds bought a thoroughbred Guernsey heifer, on the principle of the "Day old Chick" and the program of "Buy a calf and raise a herd." And so, naturally, we added animal husbandry to orcharding. As our good friend and philosopher, Joshua Billings, in his somewhat rambling lecture on "Milk," well says, "The best thing I ever saw on milk was cream," but the taking of cream from milk leaves a by-product of skim milk which the principle of thrift prohibits our throwing away, and which therefore precipitates a poultry program and incidentally solves the problem of the family fresh egg supply with perhaps a margin for expenses.

A few paragraphs (or parasangs) back, Whittier wrote about "wasted" lands. He did this, of course, by poetic license, as unless the top soil with the humus is washed away, there is no such thing as wasted land, it is simply rested and waiting for a new chance to show what it can do under favorable conditions of tilth, lime, legume, and the supply of the missing chemicals that are needed to

make a balanced soil ration. Of course, while these "lands where old time harvests grew", have been resting a few birches and other trees may have grown up, but these can be removed if we are willing to pay the price in time, labor and faith. The same prescription will remove trees, stones, and boulders that it takes to remove mountains.

We have brought about five acres under the plow, in orchard and pasture, of which three acres are in sweet clover looking toward alfalfa. Incidentally, we have picked up and carted away more than sixty cart-loads of stones which we have built into a new foundation to the road, where through neglect it was sadly out of repair, thus making the road safe and fairly negotiable for automobiles. Incidentally, also, we have discovered, dislodged and hauled away on the stone boat a hundred or more boulders, some of which were on and some beneath the surface, and have built these into the stone fences or placed them on ledges where they will not be in the way.

Of course, if we counted the value of the time spent in clearing these hill acres we could probably have enough money to buy as many or more acres in the rich Connecticut Valley already cleared and ready for record crops of onions and tobacco. But we don't want to live in the valley and we don't want to raise onions or tobacco and we would miss the satisfaction of doing a piece of rural engineering similar in kind to the satisfaction General Goethals must have experienced when he realized that he had succeeded in digging the Panama Canal.

But our interests are not all utilitarian. Beauty lurks in lawn, lane and wood, and abundantly rewards the friendly seeker's quest. Not many rods from the house we are gradually transforming three acres of pine woods into a grove, with the dark evergreen of the pines inter-

spersed with clumps of white birches, laurel, pink azalea, black alder bushes with their bright red berries, the shad bush with its beautiful white blossoms, shy lady slipper orchids, trailing arbutus and other wild flowers in their season; and an old fashioned flower garden makes room for about sixty varieties of flowers, most of which the original home builders on the old farm probably never knew.

They say that there is no profit in farming. Well, that depends on what they mean by "profit" and it depends also on what they mean by "farming". We might add that it also depends on who "they" are that say it.

Dr. Francis E. Clark, in his book, "The Gospel of Out-of-Doors", has a fascinating chapter on "Farming as a Moral Equivalent for War", and from what little I have seen of farming I think that he is right. I am not, however, seriously considering war, or its equivalent, moral or immoral, and I am not sure yet whether what we have been doing on the old farm in the summer half of the past six years is farming or pioneering, but whatever we may call it, I think that it comes within a gunshot of being the moral equivalent of a vanished vocation.

"The Gospel of Out-of-Doors," to my mind, and from my experience, is the good news that there, sometimes even more than in "temples made with hands," we may find God. One summer, in the village near by, my old friend Major Whittle lay dying and I called to inquire for him. He heard my voice and asked to see me. "Have you opened up your place on the mountain yet?" he asked, and then added, "O how I love these hills, but I'll be on higher hills than these soon," and I thought of the scripture "The strength of the hills is His also." I also knew that in these upland spaces and quiet places, he too had found God.

I know an old house on a hill,
A mountain road, a grove, a rill,
And billowed hilltops, stretching far
To sunset and the evening star.

I take a path through glade and wood,
Deep drinking of its solitude;
And find a spot, o'er arched and still,
Where peace and poise the spirit fill.

The Master's presence there is near,
The Master's plan again is clear;
And far removed from work or strife,
I reappraise the worth of life.

APPENDIX

The publishers have suggested the inclusion, in the form of an appendix, of the following interpretations by Mr. Ober which have proved perennially helpful to actual and potential leaders and friends of the Association's work for young men.

WHAT IS THE Y.M.C.A.?

Out of the throes of Association campaigns, several years apart, came several interpretations of the Young Men's Christian Association.

WHAT IS THE Y.M.C.A.?

An Opportunity

It is a high-grade, low-cost young men's club—Christian but not sectarian.

It is an athletic organization that does not use men to promote athletics, but uses athletics to develop men.

It is a night school for young men who work by day.

It is a home for young men away from home.

It helps young men not only to help themselves, but to help the other fellow.

It is a place for a young man to find friends and to make himself a friend to the man that needs friends.

It has no creed, but is controlled by representatives of churches. This keeps it a Christian organization, but prevents it from becoming another church.

It has united in its management members of those churches that have found by experience that they can join without controversy or friction in the doing of relig-

ious work. This enables it to teach the Bible and to make practical use of Christian forces in helping young men.

Its fellowship, club rooms, gymnasium, baths, classes and all other practical advantages are open to all young men, of all faiths or of no faith.

It is not an experiment, but is the survivor of many experiments. While other young men's organizations, social, athletic, educational, ethical and even religious, have failed, this has succeeded and is now in successful operation in over eight thousand places in North America and throughout the world.

WHAT IS THE Y.M.C.A.?

An Investment

It is a high-class, far-sighted investment in the greatest undeveloped resources in the world—young men.

It is a wise and economical enlistment of young men themselves in the work of their own development.

It is a philanthropic and also self-interested provision of an all-round opportunity for young men.

It provides a club house; the young men frequent it, and places of questionable resort are closed for lack of patronage.

It provides a gymnasium; the young men use it, and put increased health and vitality into their day's work.

It provides a night school; the young men join it, and gain and keep the higher places waiting for skilled labor and efficiency.

It provides the Gospel; the young men practice it, and the community cuts down expenses for asylums, courts and jails.

It provides and organizes the time of men; the best and busiest in the community; the young men respond to it and develop latent powers of character and service.

It invests money; it gets manhood.

It invests sympathy; it gets friendships.

It invests small sacrifices; it gets abundant and deathless dividends.

It invests time and things that might otherwise perish; it gets character that continues and perpetuates itself in vital and constructive forces, for the moral and spiritual uplift of the world.

Its investments are human.

Its dividends are divine.

WHAT IS THE Y.M.C.A.?

A Spiritual Force

It is not the building, but something that *built* it;

It is not the membership, but something that *wins* it;

It is not the organization, but something that *organizes;*

It is not the achievement, but something that *achieves;*

It is not any thing on earth, but a *spirit* on earth *that lifts things* heavenward.

It is a spirit of *brotherhood,* uniting men of faith in fellowship and service;

It is a spirit of *sacrifice,* preferring rather to "fall to the ground and die" than to "abide by itself alone";

It is a spirit of *unity,* giving a new evidence and releasing a new energy of Christianity;

It is a spirit of *conquest,* contending for the Kingdom of Christ unlimited.

It is the spirit of *Youth* with the dew and freshness of the morning;

It is the spirit of *Manhood,* pressing forward with the midday heat and burden;

It is the spirit of *Christ,* with His deathless life and His unquenchable enthusiasm;

It is the spirit of *Association,* youth, manhood and Christ, associated in undiscourageable and irresistible co-operation.

By the grace of God it is what it is, and by the grace of God one may possess and be possessed by its spirit.

A friend who had been successful in Christian work announced his decision to go into business, and this raised the question,

WHAT IF *THEY* HAD QUIT?

A Dream

I beheld in my dream, and five men—Peter, Andrew, Matthew, John, and Paul—sat on a hillside, looking out over the Sea of Galilee. It was twenty years after the "Day of Pentecost," and they had met by appointment to talk over a crisis in the lives and programs of three of their number.

The work was going hard with them. Paul had suffered the loss of all things; Peter had left all to follow Christ and was finding it hard to support his family; and Matthew had just had an attractive proposition at a large income to return to his old place in the custom house.

Peter, as usual, opened the discussion. He said, "Simon the tanner has inherited the estate of his brother, who was a fisherman and an old friend of mine in Bethsaida, and he has offered to give me a complete fishing outfit, boats, nets, and tackle, with an established trade in Capernaum. It looks like a providential leading, especially as my wife's mother has opened a boarding house in Capernaum and it will cost us almost nothing to live with her while we are getting started again. I can make a good living and a little more by fishing five days in the week, and I will have all my Sundays for evangelistic work in the cities around the lake. I am getting along in years and am afraid I can't stand the pace at which I have been working. And then, too, I need the money."

Paul said, "Aquila and Priscilla have been greatly prospered in the tent-making business in Ephesus and have offered me a position at a good salary, to open a branch in Philippi, and from there to develop and supervise their interests in the principal cities of Macedonia. I can do this work; it will not be any harder for me than the care of all the churches, and I will have abundant opportunity for Christian work and can lay by a little something for the rainy day which I can see is coming."

Matthew said, "My story of the life of Christ is having a large sale and is bringing me in enough to pay my expenses, but my business experience tells me that I ought to have a larger margin. Persecution may come and sales would fall off. I have a chance now to take my old position, and I know that I can make enough out of it not only to support myself and family, but to take care of the rest of you if you should get into trouble. And then, too, I will have more leisure for writing and can probably help the cause more in this way than by traveling about the country."

Andrew said, "Peter, do you remember the day when you thought you had lost your wife's mother? Do you see that sand beach over there? That is where we beached our boat after the miraculous haul of fish, and where we quit the fishing business, and where the Master said, 'Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.' How long a time is 'henceforth'? Do you see that hillside over there? That is where the Master fed the five thousand, and I can see the very spot where that lad stood when I asked him to give up his lunch for the Lord to multiply. Don't you remember the look of compassion and longing on the Master's face when He looked out over the multitude and asked us to pray that laborers might be thrust forth into His harvest? If we are going to continue to pray that other men may rise up, leave all, and follow Him, can we do less?"

John, who was leaning against Peter, felt a big tear fall on his hand, and looking over to Paul, he saw his jaw set, the old fire come back into his eye and the old war-horse look into his face, and he quietly said, "Men, I don't think we need to talk about this any more; let us pray." And as they prayed, the things of time and sense receded; a light breeze rustled in the nearby treetop, reminding them of that "rushing mighty wind" of the day of Pentecost, and of the marvelous power with which Peter had preached the gospel on that day; they seemed also to see the Master Himself standing on the shore, just a few rods away, and to hear Him saying to them again, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught," and "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

They looked, and the evening caravan for Tyre was just swinging into sight. "Good-bye," said Paul. "I must catch the next boat for Ephesus, and I will get

Aquila to put up the money for a campaign in that old city that will shake the whole of Asia."

"Good-bye," said Peter, "Andrew and I will just say good-bye to the folks and we will have time to join the midnight caravan for Babylon, and may keep on East as far as the land of Sinim."

"Good-bye," said Matthew. "There is a group of publicans down in Jerusalem who were going in with me on this tax-gathering proposition but I will get them to join me in financing a five years' campaign in Egypt and up the Nile as far as Ethiopia. I have heard from the Ethiopian Treasurer that practically the whole country is open to us and he believes that all Ethiopia will soon stretch out its hands unto God."

"Good-bye," said John, and he sat there alone till the stars came out and the waves on the beach, impelled by the rising wind, sounded like the voice of many waters, and he said to Him that stood by, "Lord, do not charge this thing against them. I have felt that way myself at times, as Thou knowest, and I would have left this work but for the fact that Thou didst prevent and strengthen me. They too are ready to live and to die for Thee, as I am.

"I thank Thee for Andrew, for his deep life and steady faith. If it please Thee, let Him stay and work with Peter and then the one who can chase a thousand shall put ten thousand to flight.

"And now, Lord, let us see Thee ever before us, ever hear Thy voice and walk and work with Thee, and we will not fear what men can do unto us."

A sudden storm broke over the lake, and I awoke, and as I thought upon the dream I heard the voice of a modern John calling to me out of his rich experience:

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

"Go labor on, 'tis not for naught,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises, what are men?

"Go labor on while yet 'tis day,
The world's dark night is hastening on,
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won."

DATE DUE

JUN 15 1976

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01044 1642